LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Anformation.

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No. 1792 .- VOL. LXIX.)

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

[PRIOR ONE PRIME



"I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, DR. HAWKE," SAID MAY, ANGELLY, "THAT WE CAN NEVER BE MORE THAN PRIENDS."

CHAPTER I.

Fuw but those who have experienced it can have any conception of what the hot weather, or Indian summer, is like. The long, weavy days, the more awful nights, when rest is well-nigh impossible, combine to form an experience which is the reverse of pleasant; and the unfortunates whose leave is over, or who cannot get away, are more to be pitied than convicts, especially as they have done nothing to deserve the trouble which has befallen them.

It was at the close of one of the hottest days of 186—that a young subsiders was sitting in the versudah of the mess-house of the —th Regiment, his legs stretched on the arms of the no-

CHAPTER I.

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See The but those who have experienced it can have any conception of what the hot weather, for Indian summer, is like. The long, weary days, the more awful nights, whon rest is well-nigh in and loss in reflection, and oblivious of his fight hand, lost in reflection, and oblivious of his fight hand, lost in reflection, and oblivious of his the rest of his regiment then present at head-quarters were all inside the building, eagerly devouring the contents of the papers just arrived by the longillah mail. The "peg" was getting flat, and, which was much more serious, rapidly warming, and the hum and laughter went on inside unheeded by the occupant of the verandah, who sat starting blankly at nothing and twisting a letter between the finger and thumb of his right hand, lost in reflection, and oblivious of his surroundings.

The truth was that Charife, like many of his surroundings.

right hand, lost in reflection, and oblivious of his surroundings.

Charlie Dacres (for such was his name) had worn Her Majesty's uniform for a matter of five years, without any material advantage to himself or damage to the State.

Young and good-looking, a good rider, sportsman and rifle shot, a good hand at cricket, racquets, or tennis—in fact, at anything which his natural indolence would allow him to turn his hand to—he was bound to be a favourite with the men, while his dancing, his dreamy eyes,

His colonel had nothing to say against him, but he always growled when Charlle asked for leave. His brother officers liked him immensely, but shrugged their shoulders and spoke of him as "poor Charlle," and mammas with marriageable daughters stamped him at once as a young man by no means to be encouraged.

The truth was that Charlle, like many of his class, was head and ears in debt—nothing, when all was said and done, to make ordinary people talk about; but a considerable amount more than he, a penniless subaltern, dependent on his pay, ever seemed likely to be able to pay.

He had, it is true, entered the service with better prospects than he had at the time the story opens, for his father was the head of a country firm of bankers, and was well-to-do, and Charlle his only son. But one fine day there came a crash,

and Mr. Dacres was found dead in his study, cut off by his own hand; and the books of the examination, showed ruln not only for himself, but for many others in the county,

Charlie, who had inherited five hundred pounds from his mother, and whose regiment was under orders for India, took counsel with himself, and came to the covolusion that things were not bad, after all, and that something would probably

But five years had sped, and the five hundred pounds had vanished, how he bardly knew; and only that morning he had been puzzling how to meet his liabilities over the last local race meetmasse his liabilities over the last local race meeting. Now he was staring at nothing, thinking over a hundred things, of which the settlement was not one, and for the time being utterly forgetful of his immediate surroundings.

The truth was, the comething had turned up. The letter which he was twisting absently in his right hand had brought him news of fortune,

which, even if it was not quite equal to his former prospects, at least meant competence, or, at any rate, comfort for the remainder of his

Is had come this way. An old clerk of his father's, sufficiently au fait to the affairs of the bank, had removed his own savings from the abyes which was to swallow up the little all of so many others; nay, more, he had profited by the catastrophe to invest his money most advan-tageously in land, and the ruin of many others had been the making of this one fortunate indi-

For years previous to the erash, Josiah Green-atreet had been Mr. Dacres' right-hand man in the back, and parely by his own shrewdness, partly by the kindness of his employer, he had been able to invest his savings so deverly that at the time of the crash he was possessed of nearly

ten thousand pounds.

How much he personally knew of the state of affairs never transpired, and though some of the more knowing ones shrewdly suspected that his withdrawal of his own savings was not accidental, nothing was ever discovered which could implicate him in any way in the very rash speculations in which the head of the firm had engaged, and the success of his great stroke of business left him a man of such importance in his native town that he was never in any way made to feel that

he was an accessory in a very bad business.

He lived after his retirement pear the small town where he was born and had worked all his life, always paying his way, and living in a style which, though gorgeous compared to his former penury (for in ontward penury his miserly habits had always kept him), was still so quiet as to cause no comment.

It was only after his death that the truth came

His ten thousand pounds had been invested in a mortgage on an estate of more than twice that value, and not only had the mortgage never been redeemed, but the debtor had been plunging more heavily into debt ever since his first fatal step, until it was beyond the bounds of possibility that he would ever extricate himself from his difficulties, for as he fell behind with his interest, Josiah, Instead of pressing him, had encouraged him to borrow more, until he was so hopelessly involved that nothing short of a acle could save his estate.

Then Josiah Greenstreet died, and was buried in the vault of the parish church. People said that the old miser had starved himself to death. when they found that he had pinched and screwed

to live on as little as possible in order to get his prey more securely into his grasp.

Apparently he had lived in hope of being wame day Josiah Greenstreet, of Herne Court, a great jump for the town crier's son (for such he but whatever his motives might have been in life, there was no doubt about them in death, for the will which he left behind him was as plain as it could be.

It seemed as if, baffled in his hope of being great man in this world, he wished to gratify his spite on the innocent victim of his schemes.

After setting forth that he left all he died possessed of to Charles Dacres, the only son of his late dear friend, &c., &c., it ordered the

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legates to foreclose the morigage at once, and strictly entailed the estate on his heir in such strictly entailed the estate on his heir in such a way that Charlie would only have a life-rent in the property, and could not touch a tree on It without the consent of the trustees.

The will was good enough in law, and there was no hope for the unfortunate Geoffrey Herne, of Herne Court, who, on hearing what had happened, died of a broken heart. Herne Court was formally entered by Ciarles Daores' repre-sentatives, and, the nine days' talk over, every-thing resumed its natural course.

The trustees, in whose hands the estate was vested, at once wrote to India to acquaint Charlie Diores with his good fortune, and at the same time told him that they were carrying out old Josiah Greenstreet's stipulations with regard to foreclosing the mortgage.

It never occurred to the easy going "sub," who was the heir of the old miser's wealth, that there was anything out of the way in it all, and he accepted it as a matter of course. The only fact that was clear to him was that he was s comparatively wealthy men now that the Herne Court estate was his, and that he could (if he pleased) leave the service and set up as a country

gentleman in his own county.

Some such thoughts as these flashed through his brain as he sat in the hot versadah with the bearer of good news crushed in his hand. Visions of debts discharged, leave to England in prospect, and maybe of a fair young girl who had taken his fakey (for she could hardly be said to have won his heart) the previous cold weather, passed before him, interspersed with a thousand projects forgotten until new in the utter hope-lessness of their ever being realized. Now it was all changed, and leave this year and England next seemed but the smallest of the possibilities which Josiah Greenstreet's legacy had put within

However, it would not do to alt there dreaming all night, as the bugie blowing the first meas-call warned him. A few minutes after Tom Griffith, Charlle's great chum, came out of the

orinital, charlies great chum, dame out of the burgalow, and linking his arm in his friend's, carried him off towards their mutual abode.

"How glum you are to-night, Charlie!" he said, as they strolled towards the small tumble-down house in which they lived. "Had bad news by the mail!"

news by the mall !"

"Very much the reverse," was the answer.
"One would think your father was dead,"
then recollecting how his friend's father haddied—"I mean that your girl had married
another fellow, or some equally asful thing."
"Nothing of the sort, I assure you."
"Then what is it!" cried the other, his
curiosity getting the better of his patience, "out
with it."

"Merely that I have been left a fortune.

"Merely that I have been lett a fortune."
"Left a what?" cried the other, atopping in
the middle of the road; "you take a fellow's
breath away. Are you joking?"
"Never was more serious in my life," said
Charlie. "An old el—, I mean friend of my
father's is just dead, and has left me his
property in Blankshire. I am a landed promietor."

"Well, I congratulate you, with all my heart," cald the other, "though I must say I half suspect still that you are joking. Is this real f I can't said the other,

believe it aitogether."
"I don't wonder at your not being able to believe it," said Dacres. "I can hardly do so myself. But it is more the less true. Read

Griffith took the letter, and scanned it. Then he whistled and banded it back to his

No chance of a hear?" he asks.

"None whatever. The firm who write are perfectly respectable. They were my father's awyers, and I know their signature as well as I

"Well, I'm glad for your sake, Charlie," said the other. "It was none too soon."
"None too soon, indeed!" muttered Dacres, as he entered the bungalow. It had seemed a palace when he left it two hours before, and now it was—a hovel.

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH or more before the events recorded in a MANTH or more perors the events recorded in the lass chapter, on a lovely evening in early summer, two people were walking arm in arm in the garden of an old-fashioned country manor-house in the south of England. The elder of the two was a man on whose temples the grizzled locks showed that he was no longer young, though the face had a quaint, boylsh expression; which to those who did not know him made Geofficey Herne

a puzzle. Always easy-going, careless about important matters, and for ever light-hearted, Geoffrey had aged in appearance far more than in reality, and people accustomed to his ways treated him far paore as a young man than as the father of a grown-up daughter.

He had married as a young man, but been left early a widower with an only child, the girl who was walking beside him.

Marion Herne was (so the old folks told her)

Marion Herne was (so the old folks told her) the most beautiful of a family always noted for beauty of its women.

As yet she was hardly more than budding into full-grown womanhood, and yet her graceful figure, beautiful face, wonderful auburn hair, and riolet eyes, which, young as she was, had made half the youtha in the neighbourhood wild with jealousy of each other, marked her as one in a thousand as she stood that evening with her arm linked in her father's in the quaint garden, and the old house as a background, the setting sun just leaving enough light to lovingly illuminate the picture

You would have said you never wished to see a

fairer girl.

Peace and happiness seemed printed on that quiet home, where in a few hours time desolation was doomed to reign supreme.

The subject which the pair were discussing was one of great importance, viz., a visit to London, which, while it hardly rose to the dignity of a which, while is hardly rose to the dignity of a first season, in Marlon's case was to be made to answer for it; and as she was the only shild and heiress of Geoffrey Harne, the owner of a good-name and fair estate, her father's married slater, Mrs. De Courcy Smith, had arged upon the Squire the importance of launching his daughter properly in the world of fashion. Geoffrey at first demurred. He said that he did not wish his daughter to be introduced to a lot of numskulls the did not like the gilded

did not wish as augment to be introduced to a lot of numskulls (he did not like the gilded youth of the present day), who would probably discuss her points as they would those of a horse, and finally, by nutual consent, allow the prise to fall to one of their own number. He was preto fall to one of their own number. He was pre-judiced sgainst town youths, and drew a highly-coloured picture of the modern young man about town, which existed only in his own imagination. He urged, too, that he had lived and married in the country; and, although railways were not so plentiful in his youth as they were now, he still preferred the quiet of his country home to-mixing with the outer world. mixing with the outer world.

mixing with the outer world.

However, he had been overruled by his more worldly sister, who had arranged that they should pay London a visite of at least a month's duration during the season of that year.

So father and daughter were spending this, one of their last avenings in their country home, in discussing what they would do and see in the great and (to one of them at least) unknown city.

Marion Herne and her father, it must be confessed, viewed the proposed trip in very different lights.

The former, who had never been beyond the narrow limits of her country home, and who had looked upon a visit to the neighbouring country town as the heighbot dissipation, was wild with anticipated pleasure. To her it seemed only the beginning of her introduction to the business of

Her father, on the other hand, wedded to his quiet country life, and annious only to romain in peace for the remainder of his days, viewed with dislike the idea of mixing again in the busy scenes which he had years before foresken for

Under these circumstances the conversation stween them was bound to be, to a certain

extent, constrained and wanting in the sympathy which bound them together on most subjects, and Geoffrey was 'uslined to be frestul, too, at the idea of all the would be put to in

and the fles of all the would be would be put to in a few days' time.

"Well, May," he was saying, "I hope that you will enjoy yourself in Lendon. For my own part, I can't see what more you want than what you can get here, and I think your anne very foolish to put such tideas into your head,"

"But, papa," said his daughter, "you can't think how I long to see London. Besides," she added, coaxbely, "If it is nolly half as bad as you say think how much more I shall enjoy home after it."

"I hope that you may," was the father's answer. "For my own part I mistrust these gaddings abroad, and wish people could be content with their own good konnes instead of being for ever anxious to see new places."

The bell rang for their dinner here, and put an

The bell rang for their dinner here, and put and to conversation.

end to conversation.

During the meal neither reverted to the subject of the London visit, and May, in particular, carefully led the conversation into subjects which she knew that her father liked to talk about.

Father and daughter parted with more than their usual cordiality that night, and May often afterwards used to remember with thankfulness that he seemed to have quite forgiven her her share in the proposed uprooting from their

May was down betimes the next morning, and May was down betimes the next morning, and out in the garden tending her roses, and lovingly straying through the quaint old-fashioned flower-beds, the admiration of anti-quaries, and scorn of the modern isndecape gardener, which had been her mother's pride, and maybe her grandmother's, too. The old rustic postman with his letters passed her on his way from the house, and she had just made up her nosegay for the breakfast-table, and was thinking of returning to the house, when she was startled by a loud cry, and turning towards her father's study, from whence it came, she was horrified to see him standing in the open doorway of the bow-window which led to the garden, his face terribly pale, and an open letter in his hand.

"Marion, my poor May," he cried in a terrible voice, and before she could reach him he fell heavily forward on the threshold of his own

Marion's clies soon plarmed the household, and the old butler, aided by the gardener and coach-man, raised the prostrate form and carried is to a sofa, while the female servants, divining instinc-tively what the distracted girl had failed to realize, hurried har out of the room.

An express, mounted on Geoffrey's favourite cob, dashed down to the village, and fortunately, finding the doctor at home, brought him back at ones.

Too late, alse ! to offer any aid, for Geoffrey Herne was beyond human skill; and the old dector, who had known him from boyhood, just laid bis hand upon his heart, and then eadly shaking his head nauttered that one dread word

chaking his head muttered that one dread word which must be apolen of us all one day, and confirmed what was more than a suspicion with the sorrowing old servants who surrounded him.

"Heart disease," said Doctor Graves, in answer to the butler's inquiry. "He might have lived for years, as I told him, and he must have had some terrible shock to kill him thus. Do any of you know whether anything has occurred to-day to distress him?"

The gardener came forward, "This letter

The gardener came forward. "This letter was in master's hand when we picked him up,

olr," he said.

Dr. Graves was intimate enough with the family to warrant his reading the letter; besides, he argued that he might save the poor daughter some pain, and he took the fatal letter and read it, standing beside the dead man. As he read on, his face grew graver and graver; at last he muttered,—

"Can this be true! Poor fellow! It was enough to kill him, and what can become of her?"

The letter be bad in his hand conveyed to Geoffrey Herne the intelligence of Josiah Green-

street's death, and the fatal orders which he had

left concerning the mortgage.
Small wonder that the unfortunate man, distracted by the thoughts of his loss, and realizing too late how completely he was rained, had, as it were, turned his face to the wall and died, too broken-hearted to face the troubles that were before him.

"Perhaps it is best for him," thought the doctor.
"but what about the poor girl! If this is true
it means utter ruin for her."

Then came the terrible part of the business, viz., to tell poor May that her father was dead. The kind old destor whely determined to suppress half his bad tidings, for now that Gooffrey was dead the question of his daughter's future was a serious Item in his calculations. It was bad enough to have to break the news of his death.

dead the question of its daugnters fature was a serious item it his calculations. It was had enough to have to break the news of his death. He tried to get hisy to some to his own home, and when she refused he such his wife to stay with her, and did his best to spare her all trouble in connection with the funeral.

Poor May seemed to think that the weary days would never end. First came the inquest, when a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence was given, and then the funeral, which was attended by half the county, for the dead man had been liberal and respected by all.

Then, as poor Doctor Graves thought, with a sigh, as he drove back to the Court, came the second terrible blow which had been nursing for the poor, bereaved girl. He and Mr. Starker, the lawyer, and old Simon Grant, the head of the new county bank, went back together, and talked over Geoffery's and imprudence, and his daughter's future as they went.

They were all kind men, and as Simon Grant was the priocipal trustee under Josiah Greenstreet's will, it was thought best that he should be present when the news was communicated to the innocent victim of the old man's spite.

So when they reached the house Doctor Graves sent his wife to bring May Herne to hear her father's will read, and the girl, with a brave face and sorrowful heart, joined the three gentlemen in the drawing-room, and intended while her father's hast wishes were read to her.

The will was dated several years before, and was very brief. It bequeathed everything that the testator dide possessed of to his only child, his daughter Marion Herne.

"A model will," said the lawyer, as he finished reading it, "a will adontable in every way. Unfortunately, my dear Miss Marion, your poor father at the time of his death had very little to leave."

"Very little to leave! Do you call Herne Court nothing?" asked May.
"Herne Court had passed beyond your poor father's hands before he died. There is too much reason to fear that it was the knowledge of this

reason to fear that it was the knowledge of this that killed him."

"Then have I nothing!" gasped poor May, trying at once to control her emotion, and to realise the facts of the case.

"Very little, I am afraid," said the lawyer.
"Two hundred pounds of your mother's, and part of the furniture and stock of the Court, for which the trustees who hold the estate have given six hundred pounds. In all, you will have an income of forty pounds a year."

"Thank you," said Marion, rising; "I should like to think over all thia."
"A moment, Miss Herne," said old Simon Grant; "as the trustee under the will of the late owner (I don't mean your father) of the estate, I wish to say that if you desire to make Herne Court your residence for the present we shall keep it up in its present style, pending the instructions of the new owner, who is abroad, and we hope that you will make it your home for—for as long as you like."

The kind manner of the speaker and the implied goodness of the proposal touched May more than the fellogs of rain had done, and she burst into team, and left the room.

Still on consideration, ahe resolved she would not accept the kind offer. She did not know who the owner was, but she realised that the proposal came from the trustees, and was given solely on their responsibility. She pictured to hercelf some country boor or cockney coming to live at

the dear old Court, and the thought was too the dear old Court, and the thought was too much for her. It was torture to her too, to have to live in the old home, missing the society of the loving father; and in spite of the offers of her friends, and the kind remonstrances of the good doctor and his wife, she determined to leave Herne, and go up to London—not to her samt's (the very idea of that was too painful, and the associations too fresh to allow her to think of it), but to quiet leddings in some out-of-the-way but to quiet lodgings in some out-of-the-way neighbourhood, where for a week or two she might look about her, and then decide on what course she should in the future pursue.

CHAPTER III.

It is not surprising that May Herne feit griev-ously depressed as she entered London. Thoughts of how different things ought to have been would present themselves, and she with difficulty sup-tressed her tears. As she changed from the present themselves, and she with difficulty sup-pressed her tears. As she changed from the train to a cab, to drive to the quiet lodgings which her friend, the doctor, had scenred for her, the thermometer of her hopes fell lower and lower, until at last, when after the simple meal which her landlady had prepared for her, she was left alone, she fairly gave way to her grief.

She did not feal particularly cheerful the next morning. The night's rest had to a certain extent refreshed her after the fatigues of her

morning. The night's rest had to a certain extent refreshed her after the fatigues of her yesterday's journey, but still she felt tired and hopeless of the future. That day she rested, trying to decide what course to pursue. At last she determined to try if she could get employment in teaching, and after a consultation with her landlady, decided to Insert a card in the window of the neighbouring stationer's shop, to adver-tise in the papers, and adopt the various means

of getting employment generally in use.

The next day she carried out her plans, with how small result may be imagined. The world, and Louden in particular, is overstocked with people in reduced circumstances, anxious to earn their livelihood by teaching. Day after day puor May hoped against hope, and at last had nearly wade to be a made to the world to give the activity to the same and extern to the control of the size of the control of the control of the size of the control of the control of the size of the size of the control of the size of the control of the size of the s made up her mind to give up and return to Herne, when one day she unexpectedly received an answer to her advertisement, and was sugged as a sort of day-governess to the children of a wealthy City grocer, who had made anticient money to be able to indulge in the luxury of a villa, not far from the quist auburb where al was living.

Though she was not able to despise the triffic

atipend attached to the post of governess to Mrs. Grice's younger children, May felt sometimes that she would rather do anything than face the drudgery which she was now compelled to

undergo.

The mistress of the house, to begin with, hated her for being a lady, which she knew abe could never herself pretend to be, and left no stone unturned to complete a system of petty annoyances, which would have been amusing to anybody but the victim.

Mr. Grice was a far kinder soul, and beyond "boring" her incessantly and interfering with her teaching on every possible occasion, was not a very great trouble.

But worse than either of the above was the cideal son of the house, baptired Samuel in the days when his father was a struggling tradesman in a very small way, and now called Sydney by his adoring mother.

He had inherited all the spitefulness of his

He had inherited all the spitefulness of his mother and all the prosiness of his father, without the latter's good-nature as a redeeming feature. He had, in addition, received the benefits of a commercial education, supplemented by such insight into the manners and customs of the gay world as may be picked up in the pit of a theatre or the back rows of a music-hall, where what he had seen had been only surface deep, and was the very worst of life without the saving point of innate good which in most men forms the silver

lining to the cloud.

This young man had early cast the eye of admiration on his mother's governess and in various ways had endeavoured, while attracting her attention and displaying his own passion, to

kindle a reciprocal one in the object of his (very apurious) affections.

apurious) affections.

The truth was, he was merely indulging his cown selfishness and vanity, and his desire to figure in certain doubtful baunts with so handsome a companion as Miss Harris (May's assumed name), who, as he expressed it, "looked quite the

May noticed with amusement some of the youth's antice, which, though meant to be engaging, were simply ridiculous. She had received enough admiration in happier days to be able to guess what all his sighs and leers meant; but seeing him to be a fool, and imagining him to be harmiess, she took no notice of him beyond wishing him good-morning when they met.

One day, however, she was destined to be undeceived. It was part of her duties to take her young charges out for a walk every day, and she generally chose a neighbouring public garden, where she could leave them to play about without risk, and enjoy herself with a book in the mean-

She had distained them to play as usual and was scated within sight, and deeply engaged in her book when she became conscious of some body flopping down beside her, while a voice she recognised said in a jaunty tone,—
"Evening, Mise 'Arris. You didn't expect to

see me, did you!"

May's first impulse was to be angry, but she checked herself, and looking up was more inclined to laugh at the queer-looking swain who was seated beside her.

"No, I certainly did not, Mr. Grice," was her

"I thought you didn't; well, look here. I've come to ask if you would come to the theatre to-night. I've got two tickets for the dress circle, and I don't mind standing supper afterwards."

In an instant May had sprung to her feet, her face all allame, and indignation blazing from her eyes. With great difficulty she restrained herself, thinking that he had been drinking, and

"I think you hardly know what you are saying," with which she turned her back upon him and walked towards the children.

The little snob she was leaving mistook in-

dignation for coquetry, and at once followed her.
"You needn't be so 'aughty," he said. "It's
always the way with you gals," and he laid his hand on her arm.

May shook him off with an indiguant gesture.

Although half ready to burst into tears her anger still allowed her to speak.

"If you do not leave me this instant, Mr. Grice," she cried, "I shall call for assistance. I

never thought you a gentleman, but I thought you sufficiently a man not to insult a defence

But this unlucky admission of the estimation in which she held him was all that was required, "Oh, indeed, Miss Fine-airs!" he sneared; 44 and since when have you been so mighty fine Vary well, if you won't come to the theater you needn't; but, at all events, I must have a kiss for my offer."

he spoke he advanced towards her. She cast a despairing glance round for aid, but saw no one except the children, who were too occupied with their own games to notice what was going

In another instant the bully's arm was round her water, and she would have had to submit. As his face approached here so closely that she could feel his breath upon her cheek she recoiled with a cry.

The cry was answered by a half-startled exclamation, and in an instant more Mr. Grice, junior, was measuring his length upon the ground, and a friendly voice was saying in her

"I hope you are not hurt!"

She could not answer. Her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth, and a miss swam before her eyes. She would have fallen if the stranger

had not supported her back to the seat.
"Thank you," she stammered, "No, I am not hurt, only that wretch frightened me."

"Snail I give him in charge?" asked the other, pointing to the prostrate Grice, who was sitting up, endeavouring to staunch the blood which was flowing copiously from his nose.

"No; please don't," said May.

"Do you hear, you little bruce? The lady says you can go," said the other. "Shall I give him in charge!" asked the

"Lady!" sputtered young Grice. "A fine lady! A governess, on nothing a week, who, when her master's son offers to be civil, gets another chap to come and knock him down.

"The other chap will do it again if you don't take yourself off," said the stranger, coolly, but firmly enough to make the bully vanish. "And now," he continued, turning to May, "if I can be of any activities to the continued of the continued to the continued t

"None, I am afraid. I must take these children home, and give my own version of today's business—not that it will be much use," said May; and, she added, mentally, "I am sure to lose my situation."

Forgive my curiosity, but that fellow said something about

mething about—"
"He was quite right," said May, interrupting
". "I am a governess."
"And to his people?"

"Yes," with a blush. "I am afraid, though, that I shall not remain after to day—indeed, it would be impossible."

The other said nothing, but his face plainly

ahowed he thought so, too,
"I must go," asld May. "Many thanks for
your kind and timely ald. Good-bye," and she held out her hand.

The other took it, and as he did so thought how beautiful she looked in her deep mourning. He could not resist the temptation to speak.

"Perhaps I may again be able to be of service you. Here is my card," and lifting his bat, he walked away.

It did not take May long to discover that, even if she had wished to stay, Mrs. Grice would not have let her.

The sight of her son with his swollen face, driving up in a hanson cab, with the glass down, was enough; and as young Grice, in addition to being a coward, was a liar, ahe was primed with the most unfavourable version of the [afternoon's

She attacked poor May most vigorously, called her all sorts of names, and finally ordered her out of the house at once.

May was not slow to go. Nor did she hear of this select family sgain, except that, two days afterwards, she received a cheque (which she had earned, and could not afford to refuse) for the sum due to her.

It was as well she kept it, as she owed it to kindness of the nominal head of the family, who had sent it very much against his wife's

Things were more adverse than ever now, and she was almost obliged to take her preserver at his word, and see if among his friends she might not be able to get a situation. She recollected, however, that such a course was impossible. She had read the card when she impossible. She had read the card when she got home but soon forgot the name—Captain Ducres,—th Regiment.

Ducres, —th Regiment.
So time peased on, and she was again reduced to a state of helpleseness, when one day scarlet fever broke out among the children of her kind friend the landlady. May, who had nothing to do, willingly undertook to help the mother to nurse them, and so successful did she prove that the young doctor, who attended them, used to laughingly tall her that she ought to be a nurse. He was a very rising young map, and clever, too. laughingly tell her that ahe ought to be a nurse. He was a very rising young man, and clever, too, this Gilbert Hawks, and he pulled his patients through their sickness successfully. Before, however, they were convalescent something else had happened—he had fellen in love with the pretty lodger who nursed the children so devotedly. He did not know it himself, but till he was hadle his and need to reswed a him. still he was badly hit, and used to persuade him-self that it was necessary to call at least three times a day.

Marion was too occupied with her own concerns to notice all this. The doctor's words spoken in jest had taken root in her mind; and he then recollected that she had often heard of

ladies who had chosen nursing as a profession, and she determined to ask the doctor about it. His answers seemed very radiafactory. It occurred to him at once how nice it would be to have this bright creature about the hospital at which he still worked, and he readily gave Marion an introduction to the lady superinterdent of the Nurses' Home. To this sympathetic listener Marion told her story, and was at once admirted as a nurse to the Home.

The change from the dingy streets to the bir.

admitted as a nurse to the Home.

The change from the dlugy streets to the big, bright hospital on the banks of the Thames was a great pleasure to May, whose health and spirits rapidly revived under this new treatment, and in the course of a few weeks she was almost her former self. Her bright face and loveliness won the hearts of doctors and patients alike; and though, of course, she had still the indelible marks of past sorrows in her heart; still she became, in a great measure, the bright, happy girl she was before death laid his grim hand on Geoffrey Herns.

And as for Gilbert Hawks he was like a moth

And as for Gilbert Hawke he was like a moth at a candle—sufficiently a man to keep from the fatal attraction long enough to do his daily round fatal attraction long enough to do his daily round of duty. He was always wanting to consult Slater Marion on some small point or other in connection with a case or to give instructions, while he found it absolutely necessary to visit her ward at least once during his tour of duty. Others noticed his infatuation; but, Mariou, innocent of any feeling of the sort on her own part, went on her way fulfilling her daily round of duty, and in the constant occupation forgetting she troubles of the past few months.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLIE DACRES found life in Junglabad slow enough after his emancipation. The money which had come to him at once cleared his liabilities and left him free to do as he chose pursue his profession, or retire from the service, and become a loafer at large. India, which before his good fortune had seemed pleasant enough, was now too slow a country by far to please him. It is curious how altered circumstances change

people's ideas. When he had to stay abroad compulsorily he thought India not half a bad country; but once he found that he could leave it as soon as he liked, he suddenly discovered

at least fifty reasons for doing so.

Still, the leave he wanted was not to be obtained at once, and the year was nearly done before he bid farewell to Bombay, with fifteen months' leave in front of him.

Success often makes people discontented, and Charlie Dacres was no better off than his fallows in this respect. Once in England he wanted to be back in India sgain, and felt inclined to quarrel with the fortune which had enabled him

Then he was gazetted to a company in his ow regiment, and was on the point of starting for India again, when he got a chance of employment on active service, and accepted it.

Once abroad, and in constant employment, he

Once abroad, and in constant employment, he became more contented, and found the life of hard work and rough living much more congenial to his taste than that of an idler in London. He threw himself with energy into his work, was noticed by his chiefs, and mentioned in despatches. Promotion was sure to follow, and he seemed on the high road to success, when one day he was prostrated by jungle jever, and could not leave his bed. The doctors pronounced it a very bad case, acting on a frame shaken by rough living and exposure, and when the disease reached its height they said there was small chance of his recovery.

reached its height they said there was small chance of his recovery.

However, Charlie was not destined to die on this occasion. To the surprise of the faculty he recovered, and slowly found his way back to convalescence, though not to health, till he reached a point where the doctors told him that change of air and good nursing was all that was required to complete his recovery. He was at once put upon a returning ship, and given leave to England. He was not, however, destined to make such a rapid recovery as was expected. Sitting up on

deck one evening off the maisrious coast where he had been serving, he took a chill, and was again prostrated by his old enemy. Once more, as the good ship sped toward: England, he hovered between life and death, and it was only when in sight of the Isle of Wight that he was again able to return to the deck.

Still far from well, he was ordered to be careful of himself, and recommended to go home, and place himself in the hands of his relations to be nursed for many a long day to come.

nursed for many a long day to come.

The word "home" was useless to Charlie Dacres. He was an only child and an orphan, and he did not know a single relative in the

On the advice of a doctor on board, to whom he confided his friendlessness, he determined to take advantage of the comforts of St. Vitas' Private Hospital, where he could onjoy the benefits of good nursing and first-rate medical

benefits of good nursing and factor attendance.

He, therefore, telegraphed from Portsmouth, and receiving a reply that a vacant set of rooms was at his disposal, he armed himself with a statement of his case, and, attended by his soldier servant, travelled up to London.

The comparatively slight exertion of the railway journey so fatigued him that he went straight to bed, and, for the first time for many a long day, slept in perfect comfort. When he awoke the next morning he was aware of a gentle murmur of voices in the room. The bright morning san of a lovely June day was shining through the chinits curtains, and at the other end of the room were standing two people, an elderly gentleman, and a woman in a black dress, with white cap, collar, and cuffs, whom he at once judged to be the nurse. The doctor was speaking in a low voice.

to be the nurse. The doctor was speaking in a low voice.

"It is a case of good nursing more than anything else, Miss Harris," he was saying. "This gentleman is an officer returning from the Sirocco coast, who has been suffering from a very malignant low fever. His life has been once despaired of, and only the other day, too, but I have no doubt he will pull round all right. Mind, it all depends on the attention he gets."

"I will do my best, doctor," said the nurse.

"I know you will, and that is why I asked you to undertake this case. Mind, you must——" and here his voice sank so low that the patient could not hear what he said.

Indeed, he had been strangely moved by the sound of the nurse's voice. His adventure in the park, though vivid enough at the time, had been completely wiped out by the exciting events which had happened since, and he was pursiling himself to think how he recognised the sweet, low tones which he had just heard.

"Very well," the doctor said, in conclusion, "I know I can depend on you. Poor fellow I had the looks."

"He must have suffered terribly," said the nurse.

"He must have suffered terribly," said the nurse; and then, as Charlie opened his eyes, ahe added, "I am afraid we have awakened

"I was only dozing," said Charlle. "It seems plassant to find oneself in real comfort again ar roughing it so long."

"Well, I am glad you like your surroundings," said the doctor. "Sh. Vita" is a very pleasant spot, and if you only pay attention to this lady I have no doubt we shall have you all right in a

have no doubt we shall have you all right in a very short time."

"I will do everything I am told," said Charlie, whose eyes had never been taken off Mary's face.

"I am a capital patient, I believe."

"At all events you are in capital hands," said the dector, pointing to May with a smile. "You are sure to be well looked after here. But now I must leave you. Good-morning, Captain Daoree; good-morning, Mas Harris."

During the few words which had passed, May, like the other, had been wondering where she had met the patient. On the doctor mentioning his name a blush spread over her lovely face as she recognised her preserver in the park. Small wonder that she had not remembered him before, for the sickness had changed him so that he as for the sickness had changed him so that he as little resembled the handsome young fellow she remembered as the worthy doctor himself did. As, however, she noticed that he did not seem

to recognise her she determined to keep her own counsel, and after asking him if he was ready for breakfast left the room.

Charlie fell into a doze sgain, and was only awakened by his soldier servant entering the room with a cup of tea and some toast. With his aid he made himself comfortable, and about eleven o'clock his nurse returned.

"What can I do to amuse you?" she asked, standing by the foot of the bed. Charlle was still ridiculously weak, and every-

thing seemed dreamy to him. He liked watching her where she stood, and (half-unconsciously

"What you are doing now."
"What you are doing now."
She laughed merrily.
"I mean would you like me to read to you?"

she asked.
"Do, please," said Charlie. "It would be

awfully good of you."

"I don't know what you fancy, but I have brought the Standard," and May. "It contains something about the Strocco War."

"Please read that," said Charlie.

The something was a gazette. Miss Harris,

The something was a gazette. Miss Harris, among others, read,—
"'Captain Charles Fenton Dacres to be major.'
What does this mean?" ahe asked.
"Promotion," said Charlle. "Miss Harris, you are the bearer of good news."
"I hope it may be a good omen for your recovery," said she.

CHAPTER V.

Six weeks passed away (flew, Charlie thought), SIX weeks passed away (flew, Unarile thought), and by the end of them the patient was far on the road to recovery. He was able to walk about the garden—now sometimes leaning on his servant's arm, sometimes with the aid of a stick. On these occasions his nurse generally came out for a short time and sat with him.

These treatment time and sat with him.

These frequent title à têtes had a great effect upon both of them. When a handsome young fellow is thrown on the hands of a woman in suc a condition that she is told that his life depends upon careful nursing, and when a young invalid finds that his nurse, one of a class whom he has been more accustomed to associate with the useful than the romantic, is a young and beautiful

(ir), they are predisposed towards each other.

The circumstances under which they met daily revented any feeling of awkwardness in their

prevented any feeling of awkwardness in their intercourse; they were simply nurse and patient, and it never entered the heads of either that they were ever likely to become more.

And yet, without knowing it, both were changed during the six weeks.

Charlie Dacres, always a bit of a Bohemian, fond of flirting with anybody for its own sake, accustomed to meet ladies on like terms, and without a dream of seriously compromising him without a dream of seriously compromising him self, found that involuntarily he was altering his

notions about the other sex.

When a man is not in the habit of looking upon matrimony as the inevitable fate of all—when on the contrary he thicks it a semething. upon matrimony as the inevitable fate of all—when, on the contrary, he thinks it a something to which he can never attains-he is too apt to look upon women as playthings, or, perhaps, as harmless creatures whom it is his duty to amuse or devote a portion of his day to.
Charlie, when a penniless "sub," always head over ears in debt, had looked upon his own marriage as the most improbable thing in the world, and judged women only by their looks and powers of firting.

Somehow his views had changed since he was put under Max's own.

put under May's care. It was a new thing for him to find a woman, and a young and beautiful one into the bargain, who could see anything in

life except the necessity for amusement.

His mother he had never known, sisters he had none, and now for the first time he was beginning

none, and now for the airst time he was beginning to learn the value of a really good women.

And May, what were her feelings? When first she saw her preserver, as she had learnt to call him, lying weak and helpless on his cick bed, a wild feeling of wishing to repay his kindness to herself had rushed through her mind; and then learn the same that the work to carry out. little by little, as she set to work to carry out her self-appointed task, she had learnt that beneath the handsome careless dandy, which was abe surface view presented by this Major Dacres, there was a capacity for patient endurance and a steadfastness of purpose which might make a man of the apparently empty-headed coxcomb. So these two had been gradually drawn together till their mutual liking had grown into esteem, and it only needed accident to fan their friendship into a still warner feeling.

So it came about on a levely summer afternoon, just as the sun had sunk low enough to make sitting in the oran pleasant, there two were

make sitting in the open pleasant, there two were sharing a bench in the beautiful garden of the the hospital.

May was occupied with some embrodery, Charlie sitting beside her lazily watching her nimble fingers speeding over the work and talking in a half-hearted way, which showed that the fact of sitting there at all was enjoyment enough for both of them.

The last few weeks had made a great difference in his appearance, and he looked more like the Captain Dacres of the park adventure than the

worn soldier who was brought to the hospital.

"What a lovely evening it is !" he was saying.
"Makes one wish that the sun would never go down ; doesn't it, Miss Harris?"

"Almost too lovely; it makes the ordinary weather unbearable," was the answer. "Rather different to the climate I was in three

months ago. By Jove! I hardly hoped then ever to reach England again."

"You have made a very rapid recovery," said

May.

"Thanks to your care," said Charlie. "I should like to stay here always," he added. "I don't know when I have been so happy."

Involuntarily a blush mounted to May's face.
"And yet," she said, "when you leave us a what or so hance you will forget all about the

And yet," she said, "when you leave as a week or so hence, you will forget all about the hospital in a month's time."

"Who talks of leaving ?" said Charlie, startled at the thought that this pleasant time could ever end.

You cannot stay here always," she answered, with a smile.

"And I've been so happy here," said Charlie. "And I've been to happy here," said Charle.

"It's the pleasantest time I ever remember.

When one has been knocking about the world without a soul to care for one, it is pleasantafter all, to find that there are such kind people in the

It atruck May that she had never heard him It struck May that she had never heard him speak of his home. She determined to see if he was quite as friendless as he seemed.

"I have no doubt it is very lonely in India," she began, "but in England——"

ahe began, "but in England—"I was far more among friends in India than I am here," he said. "There I had the old regiment; at home I don't know a soul who would have said 'poor fellow' if I had gone under

the other day."
"Strange!" said May, hardly thinking the possible construction he might put upon her words; "I, too, am an orphan." Charlie looked at the black dress, which told

its tale, and determined to change the channel into which the conversation was drifting.
"You, at least, have your patients to care for,"

he said.

"My patients," she answered, with a smile,
"are, after all, but a poor substitute for what one
has lost. But surely, Major Daores, you take a
very gloomy view of life?"

"Not so," he replied; "I have my profession
and my estate. There is a queer story about my
being a landed proprietor, which I will tell you
some day. Now it would only bore you. However, I don't mean to leave this before I am compelled to. Will they give me a hint to go?"

"Not exactly," said May; "but I heard the
superintendent speaking about you. You ree,
you are nearly well, and the hespital being very
popular, they are besieged with applications."

popular, they are besieged with applications."
Well, I don't blame them," he said, with a sigh. "They are quite right, for, after all, a healthy man has no business here."

At this moment the porter came up, followed by a stranger, and May, rising, exclaimed,— "Oh! I am so glad to see you, Doctor Hawke.

It seemed to Charlie, watching the newcomer

with jealous eyes, that the doctor was as underbred-looking a man as he had ever seen.

But he was unjust, though, in truth, Gilbert Hawke in the presence of his divinity, was as awkward and ill at ease as he could well be. May introduced them to each other, and then

Charle, greeting him with a very stiff bow, felt-himself de trop, and excused himself.

"Who is that?" asked Dr. Hawke.

4' A patient," was May's answer, but her eyes dropped before his searching glancs. It was a week after this that Charlie was dis-

cussing with his nurse the and necessity for his

going.

He was now so far recovered that he felt if he delayed his departure much longer he would be

turned on:
"Where can I go!" he was asking. "I hate continental life at the best of times, and I don't know a soul to ask to go with me. I shall miss you awfully."

Why not go to your own home!" asked

"Why not go to your own nome; assentially," the very word is a mockery. I always feel as if it did not belong to me. It came to me quite unexpectedly, to the exclusion of someone who had a far better right than mine, and I always feel as if nothing and any of it. Each the old name good could some of it. Even the old people about the place eye me with suspicion, and accept my advances with distrust. I never heard its story rightly, but I am sure I ought not to be there." be there

And yet," said May, in spite of her sym-And yes, said may, in spite or ner sym-pathy with these nuknown sufferers (for had not she, too, been a sufferer herself), "you have a great work before you to win these people's love and esteem by making them love you in spite of themselves.

"Easier said than done, Miss Harris," said Charlie, gloomily. "I sometimes think I'll let the place and go back to India; and I don't like to do that, for a curious reason. You see Herne Court ought never to have been mine; it belonged to a girl—a beautiful creature she must have been by all—good heavens! are you

Marion was sitting, white and pale, by his

In an instant the well-loved name had told her all, and she had realised that the man she was talking to—the man whom she had learnt to like, almost to love—was the same who had despoiled her of her inheritance and killed her

Controlling herself by a great effort ahe rose

to go. was all she said, as she swept past him and entered the house.

her own room she locked the door, threw herself down on her bed, and wept like

Loft to himself, Charlie shook his head and blamed himself for having gone on prosing while she was III. Then he followed her into the house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE whole of the next day Charlie missed his nurse as he had got to call her. He then began to find out how much she had become a part of his existence.

Haif another day passed, and still she did not appear, so when the doctor came to pay his daily visit, Charlie determined to put some questions to him.

"Is Miss Harris III, doctor ?" he asked. "I

"Is Miss Harris III, doctor?" he seked. "I have not seen her for two whole days."
"Not that I am sware of; but she left us, at all events, for a time!" was the answer. "She heard acclientally that there had been a bad outbreak of smallpox at R.—, and that they were short of nurses, so she at once volunteered. to go

And the is not likely to return !"

"Not for some time, at all events."
"Not for some time, at all events."
"It is just like her to have gone," murmured Charlie to himself; and then he added, aloud, "By the bye, I have been herdening my heart,

and have come to the conclusion that it is about time that I, too, left this. Thanks to your kind care and skill, I am all right now."

"I am glad you mention it," said the doctor.
"I certainly think that if you take care of yourself you have no reason to fear a relapse now, and can go about again as long as you are senable. In three months' time you ought to be all right."

Then followed a Hat of precautions to be taken and a recommendation to go first to the country, and to avoid late hours and high living; and then Charlie, with many thanks and much regret on both sides, told his man to pack up his kit and prepare for a journey to Herne Court, for thither had determined to so.

he had determined to go.

He felt, indeed, that he had neglected the place, and although in his heart he half-hated himself for being the owner of the estate, he determined to do his best to create a good impression in the little world of which he was king.

Coming, as he did, sick from active service, with the halo round him which always surrounds the coldier who has acquitted himself with credit in the field, he found everybody ready to receive him with open arms, and, to a great extent, for-give him for being the owner of the Court.

It was only when, from time to time, as he was going his rounds on the estate, that he would find their love for himself was only interested and surface deep, and that he could never hope to possess the real esteem which had once be-longed to the Herne family, and he knew that the absent girl, of whom he could gain no intelligence, really owned their hearts. Everywhere he went he was confronted by reminiscences of the dead man and his daughter; and sometimes he would return of an evening and brood over the fate which had made him, bowever innocently, an interloper.

Prosperity Improves some people, and Charlie was beginning to make one of them. He was growing into an intelligent, thoughtful man, the very reverse of the gay "sub," of three years

He had another trouble, too, in the impos He had another trouble, too, in the impos-sibility of forgetting his nurse at St. Vita's, a reminiscence which grow rather than decreased under the hand of time. Possibly the recollec-tion of the one woman whom he admired (he did not think of love as yes) had softened him in all his dealings with the sex, and the old servants in the thouse were astodiabed to find that they had only to mention that such and such had been the custom in Miss May's time to ensure its being continued under the major.

continued under the major.

The old, half-blind retriever which May had given to the village dostor, found his way back to the Court, and when Charlie arrived, took up his old place on the hearthrug, and lay there undis-turbed, bestowing as much affection as age and failing senses had left him on the new

The trustees had, as has been mentioned before,

The treases had, as as seen mental ord borre, bought the whole of May Herne's private property, and the same horses stood in the stables, the same furniture in the rooms as before.

Charlie, who was a lover of horsefeeth, had been atruck by the beautiful thoroughbred which had been a birthday gift of Geoffrey Herne's to his daughter, but surprised everybody by ordering him never to be ridden, only exercised by a boy. Why he did so he could not have told himself.

From the worthy doctor and his wife he learnt a great deal about his predecessors, but they knew no more than he did what had become of

Ourlously, too, their only photograph of her had been taken when she was only twelve years' old, and bore but faint resemblance to the brautiful girl who had nursed the major. His only real happiness was when he was with these homely people, and he accal teams to drop in at all sorts of odd hours and spend half his day with them.

. There was but one opinion in the county, vin, that poor Herne's successor was a first-rate

active member of the bench, and was in addition, a distinguished soldier and a gentleman.

So six months passed, and Charlie's leave, which had been extended to enable him to recover from the fatigues, etc., of the Sirocco campaign, was drawing to a close. Not very long before the end of his stay at Herne he had met at a neighbouring squire's firm, de Courcy Smith and her two daughters. The good lady bors him no malice; on the contrary, she so far forgave him that she decided her youngest daughter lucy at the major's issad, and wrote to her husband to the effect that "it would be so nice if dear Herne were to come back to the family, after all. I could easily persuade Major Dacres to take the old name, and it would be in every way an excellent match for Lucy."

Pretty Miss Locy barsell learnt to blush when the handsome major spoke to her, and as she was inclined to be sympathetic, and Charlie in this loncilness was yearning for sympathy, that we got, on famously. Still, beyond being very good friends, they did nothing to snoourage Mrs. De Courcy Smith's hopes; and when that ascute lady, having extended her visits as far as she in decency could, was fain to pack up her belongings and electric her daughters home, the best she could do was to extract a promise from the major that he would come and see them in Emissioner gardens whenever he came to town.

So Charlie's leave came to an end, and he bade farewell to Herne, leaving more regrets behind than he dreamt of, and having decladed to return to India and the business of soldiering with his regiment, he travelled to London to equip himself for his journey to the Rats.

Kuowing few people in town, he was not very long before he called at Eaulemore-gardens, and

regiment, he travelled to London to equip himself for his journey to the East.

Knowing few people in town, he was not very long before he called at Eaulsmore-gardens, and was rewarded by finding the family not at home.

However, the next day he met them in the park, and was at once invited to take luncheon the next day with a view to his excerting the young ladies to an afternoon concert.

"We shall have nobody but yourself and May Herne, my nice, who is a very occuntric young lady," said the mother. "She has taken to extraordinary ideas since my poor brother died, and actually gains her living by nursing in the big hospitale. I cannot tell you how shecked I was when I first heard of it. Of course shadoes not go much into society, but as we shall only be a family party, perhaps you will not mind."

"On the contravy," said Charlie, manfully, "I have the highest possible respect for these nursing sisterhoods. I owe my recovery in a large measure to the kindress and attention of one of them, and I shall always regard them with the greatest feelings of admiration."

"Oh, very well. Then we may count upon you," and with a bow and a smile the carriage rolled away.

As Charlie, after leaving the park, was attention.

or colled away.

As Charlie, after leaving the park, was strolling down Pall mall, he ran up against a recently-promoted general officer, one of his chiefs in the Sirocca expedition, a rough old bachetor, but a splendid soldler, who had been one of his best

friends.

"By Jovs, Dacres!" he cried, "you'ge the very man I wanted to see. Just step into the club for a minute; I want to talk to you."

Charlie followed him, and Sir Thomas unfolded his news. He had just been appointed to the command of the Kharkipore division in Bungal, and he wanted Charlie to accompany him as his side-de-camp. He was in the habit of speaking freely whatever he had on his mind, and he did so now. did so now.

"You see, Dacres," he said, "you're the very man I want—a sensible follow, not above hard work at a pinch, and quite as capable of talking twaddle to the old women, and young ones, too, I'll be bound "—with a chuckle—"as any of

Charlie was not quite proof against this; but, after thanking Sir Thomas he saked for a day to think it over, and then left that distinguished warrior, who cheerily called after him,—
"Mind, it's yes i"

As soon as his health allowed he hunted and subscribed liberally; he took part in all their amusements, attended county meetings, was an the servant saying the ladies had not returned

yet. There was only one other occupant of the room, a slim, girlish figure in a black dress, which he recognised at once. Startled by the entry of another person she turned round, and by her startled cry Charlie knew he was face to face with his quondam nurse, Miss Harris.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN May Horne, overcome by the discovery that the man she was nursing was the present owner of her home and her supplanter in her inheritance, fied to her own room, she had given way to a wild burst of sorrow and regret.

Mingled feelings of liking for the man and dislike for the deed had torn her usually calm spirit. She was not sufficiently versed in the ups-and-downs of life to realize how often such cases must come and she could not help thinking that

like for the deed had forn her usually calm spirit. She was not sufficiently versed in the ups-and-downs of life to realise how often such cases must occur, and she could not help thinking that Charile himself must be in some way connected with the misfortunes which had led to her own ruin and her father's death.

All the coursge and fortitude which she had brought to hear to aid her in her own course of life vanished at this sudden link with the regretted past, and a feeling of hatred—as near hatred at least as the could in her goodness reach, of the man whom she thought had wrouged her—sprung up on the instant.

The doctor had managed her money matters, and she had never even asked in her first bitter sorrow who the new owner of Herne Court was, while her friends, respecting the grief caused by the double blow which had fallen upon her, had only told her that the estate, owing to her father's impudence, and the grasping villaloy of one creditor, had ceased to be hers.

There accumed nothing incongruous to her in connecting Charile Dacre with the idea of a hard-hearted usurer.

connecting Charile Dacre with the idea of a hard-hearted usurer.

She passed a very sleepless night, troubled by the thought that she must meet her enemy (as she called him), or show her displeasure by stay-ing away. The chance of getting to K——on a good excuse seemed a godsend, and she lost no time in availing herself of it.

Time moderated considerably her first ideas about Charife. Little by little she recollected how nice and zentlemanly he had always been, how good-hearted and chivalrous, and how un-likely it was that he could ever have been mixed up in any discreditable practices; so at last she had come almost to think that she had been hasty in her flight, or, at all events, in her judg-ment of him unheard.

Still there was that awful memory of her

hasty in her flight, or, at all events, in her judgment of him unheard.

Still there was that awful memory of her lather a death, atticken down by the same blow which ruised him and her, and she hoped sincerely that she might never again meet him.

About this time, too, Gilbert Hawke determined to ask her to be his wife, and did so. His proposal same upon her like a thunderbolt, and she tried in vain to recollect ever having given him the slightest encouragement. It was, nowever, without hesitation that she refused him, and at the same time the thought occurred that he was not at all the sort of man she would have chosen. Not she would have liked some one more like, well, more like Major Dacres, only, of course, that was impossible.

Nothing could possibly have been more surprising to both of them than to be thus suddenly brought face to face without warning. May had not expected to meet anybody, and Charlie had as little expected to find the stranger nurse was his own.

his own.

The man recovered first.
"How do you do, Miss Harris?" he said;
"I did not expect to see you."
"Here I may as well be called by my own name," she answered, rather stiffly. "I am Marton

"Here I may as well be called by my own name," she answered, rather stiffly. "I am Marion Harne."
Charifs started as if he had been shot.
"You, Marion Herne?" he exclaimed, "What a fool I have been not to have guessed it. I knew I was to meet you here, but I little suspected that my devoted nurse, and the unfortunate May Herne, were one and the same person."

May had noticed the start. In her eyes it seemed more like conscious guilt than gennine curning.

"Yes, 'Major Dacres, I am the unfortunate May Herne, as you so rightly call her."
"And now I know why you were so troubled when I mentioned Herne Court that day," said Charlie. "Dear old Herne, I should have loved it better than ever if I had known it was your home. Why did you not tell me!" he added, reproachfully. "I am sure when you had seen me, had cared for me, had almost saved my life, you ought to have known me sufficiently to have been able to speak of your trouble without the terrible thought that I was the evil-doer coming between us."

He spoke so humbly, and withal looked se hand-

He spoke so humbly, and withat locked se hand-some, that May's feelings began to soften. Still she did not like to give in.
"There are sorrows, Major Dacres, which can-not bear handling," was her answer. "Mine was

not bear handling," was her answer. "Mine was one of them."
"If you had known how often I have heard of you from your old friends, how I have longed to meet you, have tried to find you, to see if I could help you in any way," pleaded the other, "I am sure you would have forgiven me. If you knew how I have tried to earry out your own wlahes, spoken when you did not know who I was, how I have endeavoured to make myself felt to be the friend of all about the estate, I am sure you would not throw in my teeth the share I have had in dispossessing you of what ought to be yours."

be yours."
May was touched, in spite of herself.
"I hope you have succeeded," she said,

"Succeeded!" he answered, almost scornfully, "How could I! If you only knew the extent to which these old people have schooled themselves to hate me you would not ask me about my success. They made me feel at every turn I took that I was an interloper, that I had have here."

turn I took that I was an interloper, that I had no business to be there."

"Surely," said May, looking at him for the first time in the face, "there is some way in which you might overcome this?"

As she spoke, Charlie thought she had never looked so handsome; thought, too, of the pleasant hours they had spent together, of the beauty of her nature, and the goodness of her heart. Then, for the first time it occurred to him that there was a way to repair old. Greenstreaths

Then, for the first time it occurred to him that there was a way to repair old Greenstreet's wrong, though his lips could hardly frame it.

"Can you help me to find one!" he asked.

"No, I cannos," she replied. "But still I think if I were placed as you are I should strive, by kindness and care, by gamlle persuasion, and by a sense of benefits conferred, to make them feel that though the past was gone and could never return, the present was striving in every way to make up for what was loss, until, perhaps, in happier years to come, the old wrong may vanish, and the present ruler become as loved and honoured as that which is gone for ever."

"I know but one way to make my rule popular," he answered.

lar," he answered.
"What is that?" she asked.

"What is that?" she asked.
"If you will consent to share it with me. My darling, I have seen you day by day going your rounds, and facing misfortunes. I have felt the benefits of your care, have learned to love and admire you. I have not known till now what it has been that has killed the pleasure in my late life, but it is a yearning for you. Take pity on me, May; come back to the old Court, help me to learn how to make the people love me as they love you, and let it be as if you, the princess, had taken me to yourself, so that in happiness and esteem the memory of the past may be blotted out."

know how near he was winning then by his honest avowal of his love, or how it came upon her like a flash that she too, loved this man, in spite of the wrong he had done her, and would have been too glad to have shared his fortunes as his wife. As he spoke he took her hand. He did not

his wife.

For awhile, as he was speaking, she wavered, longing to close the sad chapter of her struggles, and to seek a haven of rest for the future in the heart of the man she knew she loved, but the memory of her father, stricken down so suddenly, came between them and she withdrew her hand to answer.

"No, no! It can never be; please do not think of it. Believe me it is impossible to abate the evil thus. Your generous offer is made

without thus. Your generous offer is made without thinking; you cannot, do not mean what you say, but speak in pity—"
"I love you as yourself and for yourself," oried Charlie, interrupting.
"And I was going to add, it can never be. Ties which cannot be broken, circumstances I can never forget, for ever prevent our being more than friends. Do not press your suit, be had thus far." kind thus far."

"Ties!" cried Charlie, in agony, "citcumstances! I know I am too hte." And now that she seemed beyond his reach she became deubly dear. He thought what it could mean; then recollecting Gilbert Hawke and certain stories he had heard at the hospital, he thought

stories he had heard at the hospital, he thought he saw the reason for her refusal.

"Heaven bless you," he said, in a husky voice.
"I hope you will be happy. If you think of me at all, try to remember me as a friend, and 'f you or your husband.—" hut his emotion overpowered him, and saizing her hand, he pressed it passionately to his lips, and before May could stop him held the week.

it passionately to his lips, and belove any stop him left the room.

Lift to herself hay dried her tears, only just in time, as the ladies of the family who had been out shopping returned very late and full of apologies only to find the major gone.

"What can have taken him away?" asked the mother in dismay. "Do you know, May?"

"I think I do: I had nursed him under my

assumed name. We saw a good deal of each other, and he has just asked me to be his wife."

"Asked you to be his wife!" cried her aunt

"Asked you to be his wife!" cried her aunt in astonishment, "and you?"
"I wonder you ask, aunt," said May, "therewas only one thing possible."
"My dear niese, I am so glad."
"You mistake me. I refused him."

CHAPTER VIII.

Oron outside the house Charlie hailed a passing hansom and ordered the driver to take him to the club. The drive was one of the bitterestto the club. The drive was one of the bitterestreminiscences of his life. Fresh from his defeat,
and only just beginning to realize how foully he
was in love, it seemed that happiness was over.
First he thought of returning and pleading
again, but he knew May's character two well, he
thought, to expect her to change her mind. Besides, she had really never cared for him, and,
above all, she was another man's promised bride.
Then came the after thought, where could he
hide himself and his sorrow, and he remembered
that he had not yet answered Sir Themas's offer
of a billet on his staff. This seemed the very
chance he wanted, and his first act on entering
the club was to sit down and pen an acceptance

the club was to sit down and pen an acceptance of the post. That done he set out for Pall-mall, The first acquaintance he ran against was Sir Thomas himself, who greated him warmly, and asked if he had made up his mind.

Yes, thanks. I am going to ask you to take "answered Charlie.

Well, that's all right. I was beginning to be afraid that confounded money they my you've come into was going to spoil you like the rest," said Sir Thoma

"I have not found its very great boon so far,"
said Charlie, bitterly.

Then it was arranged, to his great satisfaction, that they were to start that day week, and with a cherry nod the old General trotted off down

the street.

Charlle paid his visits to his tailor, &c., and dropped into his club to dine. Then he strolled down to the Straud and occupied a stall at one of the theatres. He found, however, that it was treless trying to drive away care thus. That morning's interview with May was too strong and too fresh for him to be able to forget it, and after an hour or so he got up and left the theatre and walked home to his room.

He tried to turn in, but it was no good; he could not sleep, and so he got up and read. So the night passed away in restless fits of trying to read and sleep, until in the small hours an idea.

atruck him. Toe very thing, he thought, and

turning round he slept till late in the day.

After a hearty breakfast he went out, and calling a cab drove to Lincoln's inn. Here he remained closeted with his lawyers for a couple of hours, at the end of which he came out

accompanied by the junior partner.
"Mind," he said, "everything must be ready
in three days' time."

Depend upon us," was the answer; "though I hope by that time you will have decided not

arry out your present Intentions."
Very little chance of that," said Charlie, with a amile, and wahing the lawyer good-morning he walked away Mooking more like the careless Charlie Dacres of three years before than he had

for months.
Six days later the continental express carried Sir Thomas and his aide de camp to Paris en route

Charlie's bankers' account was as light as his heart was heavy, when the train rolled slowly out

heart was heavy, when the train rolled slowly out of the station, and with increasing speed put an end to the second chapter of his life.

May Herne had seen in the papers that Major Dacres, of the —th, had been appointed aide decamp to Major-General Sir Thomas Stubbs, &c. A feeling almost of despair had settled upon her ever since she had refused to listen to the man she loved.

He was going to India, and would probably, in course of time, amid the other cares of his position, forget the girl whom he had asked to be his wife, for whom there seemed nothing left now but a life of honourable poverty and hard work

in the cause of the sick and poor.

The same morning that Charlie left she was sitting in her room at St. Vita's when the porter brought her a card—"Mr. Quill, Lincoln's-inn."
She did not know the name—was surprised to find that he addressed her as Miss Herne.

"I thought I had better call upon you per-sonally, Miss Herne," he began, "to deliver this into your hands and to tell you that the firm your instructions.

" I hardly understand," she said.

"I hardly understand," she said.
"No, I do not suppose that you do; but the letter will explain itself. If you will excuse me, as I have a call to make in the neighbourhood, I will return in a couple of hours and take your instructions. Good morning," and with a bow he placed a large sealed packet on the table and left the room. the room.

May instinctively decided to return to her own room before opening the packet. The nurse came to warn her for duty. May came to the door, looking so white and pale that she thought

she must be ill.

"Ask Miss Green to take my place. I am not very well, and if Mr. Quill calls let me know,"

She had received a great surprise. On opening the packet a scaled letter and another paper fell out; the last was simply a formal notification from the solicitors that their client, Major Dacres, had requested them to place the enclosed into her hands. The letter ran as follows :--

"MY DEAR MISS HERNE,-

"What passed between us at Mrs. Smith's a few days since has made it impossible for me to communicate with you personally, so I must write what I have to say. I leave for India on Wednesday" (this is Wednesday, thought May), "and as we travel with the malls I am not likely to hear from England for some time, so you will be able to reconcile yourself to my proposal. It has been on my conscience ever since I accepted Josiah Greenstreet's legacy, that I had all the appearance of countenancing his proceedings. It is not a good thing to speak ill of the dead, but I must confess that old man of the dead, but I must confess that old man was a consummate rogue. Without actually overstepping the law he contrived by various means, too long to recapitulate here, to gain such a hold over your father's property that at last he was able to selze it without a word of warning. When I accepted the legacy I knew no more of Joulah Greenstreet than that he had been my father's confidential clerk. Surprised to find him so rich, and knowing he had no relations, I was prepared, nevertheless, to accept his property in

the light of an acknowledgment of the benefits which my poor father, in the days of his pros-perity, was able to cenfer on him. It is only lately that I learnt the real facts of the case, or I give you my word of honour that I would never have allowed myself to become the minister of the old man's hate and spite at being defrauded by death of the long-cheriahed hopes of enjoying the possession of a fine estate. I shall never cease to regret that I have been un-consciously the means of wronging you; and I ark you, with all my heart, to forgive me, and to attribute it rather to my carelessness than to my desire to do wrong.

"I am glad even now that it is in my power to make to you a poor restitution. I cannot give you back the years of misery you must have spent since you left Herne Court, and I have spent since you left Herne Court, and I must also ask you to forgive me the money I have spent upon myself during the years I have been master of the estate. But I can and do restore Herne Court to you, its rightful owner, and am happy to think that you will find it little altered in the time you have been away. Do not think of refusing; you will only lose, I shall gain nothing. I will never touch a penny of the money, and in the will, which, in addition to the formal deed of gift, I have left with my solicitors, the estate is devised unconditionally to you. If you refuse to use the money, it will only accuyou refuse to use the movey, it will only accu-mulate for your own or your children's use after my death,

"Go back, then, to the home which you love, and the friends who love you, and try by your goodness to make them forget the intrusion of a goodness to make them forget the intrusion of a stranger. Marry the man you love, and live many happy years at home. For myself, I am going to India, where I hope time will help me to forget the folly which made me think that you could love me. Heaven bless and keep you, and make you think kindly of me. Perhaps in time, if I am spared to return to England, we may meet, when time has brought forgetfulness. For the present, I hope that you will be able to forget my share in Joslah Greenstreet's spite. With many wishes for your happiness, believe me, ever yours sincerely, With many wisons anoerely, "Charges Daores"

Bitter tears of mingled grief and shame flowed from May's eyes as she read the letter; grief for the heart she had wounded and the happiness she had spurned; shame to find that the man whom she had looked upon as a rogue was so much nobler than berself.

She would refuse his gift, and would write and tell him so, and beg him to return. What was this fatal mistake about her being

gaged to someone?-Gilbert Hawke, of course.

ow could she correct the well?
And then the memory of the scene in her aunt's drawing-room came before her, and she thought how mad she had been to throw away the chance which would, in all probability, never

In the midst of such thoughts as these the lawyer was again announced.

May found that it would be useless to re the gift, as poor Charlie had said he would not touch it, and, as the lawyer urged with some force, it would be useless to leave so fine a pro-perty to go to ruin for want of a head.

He represented Charlie as quite firm, and told her that he and his partner had in vain tried to alter his decision.

"So you see, my dear Miss Heroe," he said, in conclusion, "It will be all for the best if you accept the gift. Major Dacres, although a poor man, can perfectly live on his pay in India, and I am quite sure he will never touch a penny of the Herne Court rents."

"Well, I suppose I must," said May. "But, mind, I look upon the deed of gift as null and void, and I am only going back to Herne as steward of Major Dacre's estate. As soon as ever he returns to England I shall see him, and inest upon his taking his estate back. I have no possible claim upon it. I am sure he will do what I ask

"I doubt it," said the lawyer, with a shake of

CHAPTER IX

So May gave up nursing, and went back to the old home which she thought she had left for

The story of Charlie's generous gift sked out, of course, and many and various were the rumours attached to it. To her friends May never denied that she had refused to marry Major Dacres; and even if she had, it would have been

Dacres; and even if she had, it would have been useless, for her aunt told it everywhere, taking care to suppress the fact of her disappointment in the matter of Miss Lucy.

If the county thought well of Charlie before, it was even more enamoured of him now, after his last somewhat Quixotic act. But in a very short time he and his story were forgotten, and May found herself treated as if she had never left the Court, and the reign of the Hernes had:

set the Court, and the reign of the Hernes had never been broken.

She was inexpressibly touched to find how little things had altered during her absence—the same old servants, the same horses in the stable, her own favourite just, as she had left him, and her father's cob, if anything, in better case. One new inmate had come to the stables, a handsome bay hunter of the major's, as the servants called him. May, who had beard the story of Charlie's refusal to allow anybody to mount her own horse, tried to repay the compliment to "Sultan," who, whoever, so won upon her that she, a capital horsewoman, could not resist the temptation to ride him, and many a canter the pair enjoyed over the neighbouring downs.

Everywhere she went she heard nothing but praise of Charlie, his kindness to all about the estate, and the improvements which he had made in the property.

She felt he had greatly underrated his own success, and her one cry in private was, "Would he ever come back?"

Then came another annoyance. She was barely twenty, and the promise of her girlhood had been more than fulfilled.

Independently of her supposed wealth, her reat beauty won her admirers, and she had half he eligible bachelors in the county at her feet.

One or two had the hardlhood to propose to

One or two had the hardihood to propose to her only to meet a firm refusal, and so it was said that she was as cold as she was beautiful.

Very few knew that this was the case, but among them were Doctor and Mrs. Graves. The latter, a kind, motherly woman, who had known May from infancy, surprised her one day before a photograph of Charlie, a present from himself when he had in thoughtful kindness sent to the old nounle.

when he had in thoughtful kindness sent to the old oouple.
Something in the girl's sad face had told the old lady her story, and then May sobbed out her regrets on her bosom, meeting with the sympathy which she required so much.

The old couple laid their heads together after this, anxious to see if they could not find some way of helping these two foolish young people, and the doctor himself wrote to say that he hoped that Charlie had not forgotten Herne Court and so forth; and back came a kind, cheerful letter, describing the writer's life in India, and saying how little he was ever likely to forget Herne and his kind friends. It was clear that May was not forgotten.

Herne and his kind friends. It was clear that May was not forgotten.

But a year passed away and more, and May felt every day more bitterly the folly of having refused happiness when it was offered to her. Her trials, however, were only just beginning.

Gilbert Hawke, having passed through every course and taken every prize, and been looked upon as the coming man in his profession, had broken down from overwork, and been advised to take a country practice, where the work would not do more than keep his hand in for a year or

By chance Dr. Graves had just decided upon retiring, partially at all events, from practice, and had advertised for an assistant. Hawke at once answered, and was accepted, to the utter diamay of May Herne, who only heard of it after all the preliminaries were arranged, and it was too late to draw back. What made it more awkward was that Gilbert

was to live with the old couple. May easi found out what day he was expected to arriv

and managed for some days to avoid him. But this could not last for ever, and one day, as she was riding through the village, she met him face

"How do you do, Dr. Hawke !" said May,

holding out her hand.
"How do you do, Miss Harris!" stammered

"Yes, I forgot, Dr. Graves told me all about you. Still the old name by which I first knew you seems to suit you best," said Gilbert.
"Please do not recall those times," answered May. "If we are to meet at all it must be as

"I do not wonder at your wishing to forget the days of your troubles," said the other. "But they were the days of my happiness, when we were at least on fairly equal terms—you the were at least on fairly equal terms—you the nursing sister, I the young doctor. Now "—with a sigh—" all that is changed. You have returned to fortune, I have sunk in the world, and am trying in this out-of-the-way place to recover sufficient health to enable me to make a career.") "You take a very dearnouling.

sufficient health to enable me to make a career."

"You take a very desponding view of your prospects," said May, kindly. "In a few months' time you will be restored to health and London."

"I sometimes think," he cried, passionately, "that love of you has crushed the life out of ma. Why, oh! why will not you take pity on ma?"

"I have told you before, Dr. Hawke," said May, as nearly angry as ever ahe was, "that we can never be more than friends. If you persist in disregarding this I can only refuse to meet you. Good morning," and with a touch of her whip her horse sprang forward, and she was

whip her horse sprang forward, and she was gone.

For a few days Gilbert Hawke, when they mes, avoided dangerous ground, but then he began sgain, and as avoiding him meant avoiding her friends, the Graves's, May found herself obliged at times to speak to him. In the course of a month or so his attentions became so marked that it was common talk that the young doctor was going to be master of Herne Court.

Morever, Mrs. Graves, who had begun to think that so long a time had passed without any news of Major Dacres, that he must be either dead or have forgotten them, aided Gilbert Hawke's suit to the best of her ability, thinking that it was high time that May was married and settled, and that she had waited quite long enough for her supposed faithless love?

At last things came to a head, when May was openly congratulated by an old pensioner of her own in the village on her approaching marriage. Weary of her persecution and persistency of her admirer she rode straight home and wrote to Charlie,—

"MY DEAR MAJOR DACRES,-

"I could not trust myself at the time to try thank you for your generous gift of Herne Court, which I have not actually accepted for myself, but have only carried out your wishes by coming to live here and carrying on your work as

myself, but have only carried out your wishes by coming to live here and carrying on your work as I hope you would wish.

"I think now, however, I ought to write and tell you that you ought to come home. There is much to be done which I do not like to settle without your leave, and I really wish (underlined) that you would come if only to assist me with your advies. It is so long since we have heard from you that I am beginning to think you have forgotten us all.

"There is another point I want to clear up. I am not, and never have been, and never shall be engaged to Dr. Hawke.

"I have one other thing to say—no, I will not write it. I really want your aid in a very important matter concerning myself, and am going to claim it. You have been more than a hrother to me, and I do not know to whom else to turn. Please come.

"Yours very sincerely, " MAY HEREE."

As May signed and scaled this letter, she thought with a weary heart that it must be two, or perhaps three, months before an answer could possibly come.

She began at last almost to despair. Gilbert's attentions became more marked every day, and although she avoided him and had him refused admittance to the Court, she found that he managed to track her persistently.

At last, one day, when she was sitting in the garden at tes, he came up suddenly, without warning, poured out such a passionate appeal to her, and, when she refused him, became so violent in his manner, that she feared for his reason.

In her distress she was looking round for sid, when a servant came out of the house and delivered a paper on a salver. It was a telegram

when a tervant came of the house and delivered a paper on a salver. It was a telegram containing only the words,—
"Shall be with you soon."
May read them, and for the first time in her life fainted away.

CHAPTER X.

EASTWARD BOUND, hurried along by express trains and fast steemers, Sir Thomas and his aide-de-camp had little time for reflection until they reached Brindial, and then Charlie found they reached Brindial, and then Uniarite that his spirits were recovering fast from the low point to which they had fallen at home during his last week in England.

point to which they had fallen at home during his last week in England.

Then, when he reached Kharkipore, came the drill season and the inspections, with the continual round of gaiety incidental to the cold weather in a big station.

Charlis faifilided to the letter the part which the General had set him, and was voted by all a model A.D.C. Then came leave to the hills and an autumn campaign on the frontier, and more honours to be gained, and altogether he felt that he was a happier and a better man than he had been when last abroad. Still, those of his old friends whom he met declared him a changed man, the men saying that properity had stadied him, the women that with the rank he had adopted the manners of a major, and seemed to think himself as old as his position in the service warranted his being.

Sir Thomas, who knew or guessed a good deal of his aids de-camp's history, could not say enough for him, and after the campaign mentioned above, recommended him so strongly that he was again promoted by brevet, and became a lieutenant-colonel. Still, Charlie fretted considerably, and his friend saw with regret that his spirits did not seem to recover the bucyancy which he remembered.

he remembered.

Indeed, he grew so low-spirited and melancioly, that they began to fear that he would worry himself into illness. And so, when a second hot weather came round, Sir Thomas insisted on his going to the hills and trying some shooting as a diversion; and so it happened that while May was writing her appeal to him to come home, Colonel Dacres was away in the hills pretending to be mad after big game, and astonishing his shikari by the little enthusiaam he displayed over a fine head or skin.

Sitting one night beside his camp-fire, thinking

Sitting one night beside his camp-fire, thinking over some of the events of his past life, and won-dering if he should find May much aitered and what sort of a fellow her husband was, he was interrupted by the arrival of a coolle-runner with his letters from the nearest post-office, some forty miles off. Selecting three from among the heap of Times newspapers, circulars, etc., he laid then aside to open first.

The first was a kind note from Sir Thomas, expressing hopes that his health was mending, and that he was enjoying himself, and giving those little items of news about his friends which always have such interest to the absentee.

The next was directed, in a round business hand, to Major Charles Dacres. Charles glanced at the signature, and found that it was from Mr. Grant, the principal trustee of Josiah Greenstreet's trust, whose acquaintance he had made at Herne two years before. He read as

"MY DEAR MAJOR DACRES,-You will excuse my troubling you in the matter of the Green-street trust in which you are interested, but I think is advisable to tell you a legal opinion I have just got from Starke. When you made

over the Herne Court estate by deed to Miss Herne I was on the point of writing to tell you that you had no power to do so, but as the young lady at the time refused the gift, and as your lawyers, Measure. Parchment and Quill, considered themselves acting within your instructions in allowing Miss Herne to reside at the Court, I did not see any necessity for my inter-fering. Now, however, circumstances has made it imperative for me to explain to you how you

"Miss Herne is, I am credibly informed, about to contract a matrimonial alliance"—Charlie winced—"and as it would never do for this marriage to take place under the impression that you have made over the estate to her, I think it best that you should yourself have the option of writing to tell her that the deed was executed in error. The fact is you have only a life interest in the Court estate, the property being strictly entailed on your son if you have one, and falling entailed on your son if you have one, and falling issue it becomes the property of our town, to be held in trust for the purpose of erecting and endowing a school. From what I can gather dilbert Hawke is an adventurer, who is either misleading or forcing Miss Hearne into a marriage, and his present object would seem to be to compromise her, and thereby gain possession of the entate. A word from your would ston sion of the estate. A word from you would stop this. Of course you have a perfect right to do as you like with the income, and your power only ceases at your death.—Believe me, etc., this.

"SIMON GRANT."

Charlie whistled. Then he opened the other letter. As the postmark "Herne" caught his eye, he tore it open and read with feverish haste the letter which May had penned in her trouble. From the hint old Simon Grant let fall he guessed that May was in serious trouble, and wild with delight to find that not only was ahe free, but the abecent to him naturally in her but that she came to him naturally in her troubles, he at once gave orders to have his kit packed up and a march to be made early in the

morning.

A few days later he reached Kharkipore, where he obtained leave, and resigning his staff appointment harried to Bombay. Thence he tele-

graphed to May.

May's fainting fit soon passed off, but before
she came to Gilbert Hawke disappeared. He tried several times to gain admittance, but was refused, as May kept her room, until at last a day came when, as she was sitting watching the Park from the window, a hired dog-cart drove up to the door, and she could recognise the tall military figure which was seated by the driver.

A few minutes later they were alone, "You have sent for me," said Charlie, "or I

should not be here."

"I have sent for you because I wanted you to do something for me," was May's reply. "What is it?" he asked, in a constrained

voice. "To forgive me," ahe replied, with a blush, holding out her hands.

Before he could answer she was locked in his arms, and before he released her he made her promise to destroy for ever the venom of Josiah Greenstreet's Spite.

THE END.]

THE most eccentric idea in bicycles is probably that which will be exhibited in Stuttgart. This is an ordinary-looking machine, but, instead of being made of hollow steel tubing, it is constructed of soft iron, completely wound with fine copper wire. At the back of the frame near the om is a small but powerful dynamo, which generates a strong current of electricity. The deviser of this eccentricity believes that any machine which comes within 15 feet of his own will be instantly repelled from him.

⁷⁵ SONGS, Plano and Dance Pleces, including Songs, "My Sweetheart" and "Good Night Sweet Love"; Love's Golden Dream Walts, Japanese Fan Dance, &c.; 1s. 6d., nost free, with lovely portrait of Queen and particulars of cur £20 Prize Competitions.—Tussen's Piano, Organ and Munic Depot, London Road, Preston.

THE JEALOUS SISTER.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Yus, she lived, although it seemed im-possible for her to do so. But I believe the yearning to see you two kept her back from death—that, and her love for her child. She wanted so much to give him to her mother before she died. This way, please, ladies," and the nurse led Mrs. Stuart and Hilds down the hospital ward to the narrow, white bed where Phyllis lay with her infant—poor Payllis! wasted and worn from the cruel fever, her great black eyes gleaming unnaturally large in her pallid face, and lighting with joy as she beheld her visitors.

They knelt down and kissed her, forgetting

and forgiving everything in their divine pity, and

Phyllis baret late tears.
"Ob, I have so longed for this! But I thought you were angry at my heartlessness and would not come. I did not deserve any kind-

They sat down by her side and explained everything, telling her of their removal from Glasgow and the consequent delay of her letter in reaching them.

"We came as soon as we received the letter, fearing to find you dead, but intending to take your child home with us," added Mrs. Stuart. "Heaven bless you! It was what I was wishing for—to lay the babe in your arms and

wishing for—to lay the babe in your arms and beg you to be a mother to it when poor, undutiful Phylits lay in the grave. But they say I am going to get well now, and I can devote my life to b 1?" exchained the sick woman, drawing back the covers and showing them the little dark head of a puny infant that lay against her breast.

The birth of that little child had awakened in

that hard, selfish nature a tenderness undreamed of before, and her eyes grew soft with love as she added :

"I have nothing to live for but this child; but

I want to get well for its dear sake. Yes, yes; you must get well, and I will help to care for the child, dear?" cried the

grandmother, tenderly. "We will take you back to Cloverdale. Hilds is going to buy it back for us as soon as she can make enough money by her A pang of the old keen envy stirred in Phyllis' breast as she looked at her younger sister, so beautiful and dainty in her soft grey travelling-

gown. She said, almost sullenly:
"Perhaps Hilda will not want me to come

back with the child for her to support."
"Yes, come, and I will work for us all," the
young girl replied, cheerfully, in her happy con-

fidence in her future ability.

And she thought to herself that now everything was changed. Phyllis would be dependent

thing was changed. Phyllis would be dependent on her now, and she would show her how nobly she could return good for cyll.

"You are very good to me." Phyllis said, with a faint stirring of gratitude to the girl she had breated so unkindly. "I shall be very glad to go back to the farm. In my long days of eickness my heart turned back to it, and I began to

love it more than I ever did before in my life, "I wept when I thought that I could never take my child there among the birds and flowers. I did not want Huntley to sell it, but he threatened my life if I did not sign the deeds to everything. All his real estate he turned into money, talling me be could invest it here and make a great fortune. But the passion for gaming bad selved him in London, and he equandered overything indulging it. Soon after we came here he stole my jewels, then he told me all his wealth way awept away, and that he hated me, and was going to leave me. He went away, and I saw him no more. I had no money to pay my board, and the people took my trunks of fine clothes for the debt. I fell ill and they sent me to this charity hospital, where my babe was pre-maturely born, and I almost died of the fever that followed."

Poor Phylile! she had been severely punished

for her past misdeeds.

Her life lay in rulus, and her only hope was in the young sister she had spurned and flouted

in her own day of prosperity. Gloomy, indeed, would have looked her future if Hilda's heart had been as ornel as her dwn:

But alse knew the girl's noble nature well enough to trust in her, though she said to her-

self, ounningly :

"I must never let her know how I kept her from winning Paul Denver by the falsehoods I teld him that day at the pienic and afterward, for it she found me out she would probably drive me away from Cleverdale to whilt for myself and baby, and I never intend to work as long as also has found out analy an array. long as she has found out such an easy way to make a living for us all."

Hilda might have told her that brain work was Hilds might have told her that brain work was not quite so easy as ignorant people considered it if she had done her thinking aloud, but Phyllis was too politic for that. She made up her mind that however she disliked her sister she must treat her civilly, now that she had to depend on the toil of her little white hands for support. She was eager to get away are soon as she could, for the little love she had felt for Huntley Warner had been killed by his cruelty, and she housd never to see him again.

"I hope you can take me away soon, mamma t"
the pleaded, eagerly.
"Just as soon as the dector permits you to
take the journey." replied Mrs. Staart, soothing
the dark, dishevelled tresses away from the pallid

"I feel well enough to start to morrow. has made me well just seeing you and Hilda again i" declared the invalid.

And, indeed, she did improve so fast, that in three more days the physician consented for her

"She had a strong constitution, and had railled surprisingly in the past week. The air of her country home will complete her recovery, and be of great benefit to the child," he declared,

So arrangements were made for their return

So arrangements were made for their return home, and none too soon, thought Hilds, whose attack of money threatened to run low again with the unexpected expenses of this journey.

Phylic could scarcely breathe freely until sho was en route for home, she was so frightened lest fruntley Warner should appear and suatch from her the tiny treasure in her arms—the puny, her the tiny treasure in her arms—the puny, sleeping infant that had aroused the dormant benderness in her nature.

Mrs. Stuart and Hilda, too, felt relieved, for

they dreaded a rencontre with the man they both feared and despised. Indeed, the mother had already binted to Phyllis the desirability of applying for a divorce when the proper time

So they went back to Hill Crest, and, of course, shere was much wonder and goesly over the return of Phyllis, who had gone away in such triumph has fall, to come back in May a penniless, deserted wife with a walling infant in

Perhaps there was not much sympathy for her either, for her selfish, heartiess disposition and unkind treatment of Hilds were well known in the country neighbourhood, and it was the general opinion that she had got her just deserts, though they did spare a little pity for her wan

and wasted looks.

"It's Elilda's turn now to ride the high horse, and I hope she'll make Phyllis feel that the tables are surned," said a candid neighbour.

"Hilda will never do that. She is too noble

and high minded to stoop to the meanness of letting her sister feel her dependence. It's more likely that Phyllis will resume her old ways of carrying everything before her," returned Bertha Manners, to whom the remark was made. In fact, Bertha was disgusted at the return of

Phyllis to Cloverdale.

"As if Hilda had not enough to do already to care for her ailing mother," she said. But no one sixed their thoughts to Hilda. They knew too well her noble disposition. She would have answered that she was only doing her duty.

In fact, she went to work immediately after her return on the new novel she had begun before she went away. It bid fair to be a more ambitious effort than the first, for success had given a more alry flight to her pen.

Every morning she had a delicious spin of several miles on her new bicycle, then the rest of the day found her at her deck, scribbling away with rosy cheeks and beaming eyes at her new story, which the publisher impatiently awaited, for despite the adverse opinions of publishers, her little book, "A Wayside Flower," had captivated the public by the force of its sweetness and parity, and bid fair to surpass in popularity the tons of editions of visque books that were being daily advertised into notoriety.

Boyaltian began to come in from the sales of

Royalties began to come in from the sales of the escond edition, and the little purse was 'full again. Oh, how proud and happy Hilda was, and how fast her pen fiss, now that she was assured of a cordial reception from the reading world.

Phyllis and her child-little Eric as she called him—throve in the fine pure country air, the young mother's checks grew round again, and Mrs. Stuart petted her grandohild with graulae delight, for he was growing into a rosy heauty; but none of them saw that under Hilda's seeming ness. It was because the June days were hereagain, and she could not help remembering—and t why should one remember what is wiser to forget? centent there was a shade of sadness and restle

" Porget thee? The a bitter word,
I would to were unsaid.
Forgetfulness is not with life,
But with the silent dead."

It was a year now since her first meeting with Paul Denver by the brook-side, beneath the

bending willows.

How it all came back to her, with its sweetness and its pain, though its seemed so long

So much had come and gone since that day when Paul had found her sobting on Bruce's neck for a bicycle, that Hilds fall ages older, though it would be six months yet before she resolved her eighteenth birthday. She had "lived and loved," and it had made her prematurely wise, and, alas! prematurely sad.

It was no wonder she could tell the tale of love so well as to enchain a listening world. She i copled faithfully from nature.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND what of Paul Denver 14 And what of Paul Denver!"

Was he idly dailying in the chains of another's love while Hilds recalled in secret, silent sorrow the brief anniversary of their sweet love dream and its too sudden ending?

Alas! no; for to him, as to her, that memory was fraught with a polynant pain, and in dreams he lived over those brief hours whan they had been all in all to each other.

When Paul in presenting the rose to Hilda the night of their parting had seen it graciously ac-cepted and pinned on her bosom, his heart had leaped wildly with joy and hope, taking it as a

sign of her relenting.

But for his ignate delicacy in preferring not to But for his number delicacy in preferring not to follow her to the poor abode she called home, and of which she might have felt girlishly ashamed, be would not have permitted her to leave Glasgow without pleading his suit again.

But though wild with love and longing, Paul

tutored himself to patience. He understood Hilda's shyness well enough not to follow and annoy her with the love that might be unwelcome after all. He waited until the next week, when he was at home and restraining his longing to he was at home and restraining his longing to fly down to the country, wrote her a love-letter in which poured out his full heart.

As we are aware, it was not the first time he had written Hilds an ardent letter.

The first time it had been addressed to Edinburgh, where the false Phyllis had told him Hilds was residing.

Of course, it had never reached its destination. Doubtless it was now reposing in the Dead Letter Office.

The second letter met with quite as untoward a

Paul had, metaphorically, wasted the midnight oil in writing it, and when the impassioned effort was finished he could not wait until next day to post it. He stopped on the way home from his

club and dropped it into a letter-box or the corner and went home to dream of a tender reply from his darling, and of flylog as fast as steam could carry him to her side.

But unfortunately he did not read the next day's papers very closely, or he would have seen a small paragraph stating that that particular box had been robbed of its contents the previous

Thus had fate stepped in again to thwart the love of two fond hearts.

Some graceless rogue was making merry over Paul's pleading letter while the young man wondered how his little love would receive it, and if she would grant the dear boon he craved—to answer it at ones, and put him out of his

The slow days dragged themselves away, but the

answer never came.

In silent pain he accepted his fate, realizing that Hilds would never be his. The acceptance of the rose had meant nothing but careless courtesy for the eyes of those who were looking

Oh, the pain of love when it has realized its

utter hopelessness!
That utter pain came to Paul now, and he almost staggered under his burden.
Yes he gave no sign by which seem his nearest and dearest could perceive he had received a mortal wound.

mortal wound.

He crushed down a mad impulse to rush down into the country and almost demand her love to save his heart from despair.

Then he laughed at his own folly.

If he took such a course as that, filles would down him more than ever.

It was useless to seak her favour, it would never be granted.

He could only love her in secret and devote himself to her savvice.

himself to her service.

He began to plan little schemes for making her

happy.

One result of these schemes was the bicycle which had delighted her so much.

Other gifts followed — jewellery, bonbons, music, books, all the things that women love most. The publisher was always the medium, and he reported always as the donor some admiring reader of "A Wayside Flower."

Since it was a reconstruction public.

Surely it was a most generous public. Hilda was surprised and delighted, but she accepted all in good faith.

She did not know she was more favoured than

She did not know she was more favoured than other authors.

Dainty little notes of thanks went to the publisher, and were duly forwarded to Paul. They were a treasure to his doting heart, though sometimes he laughed at himselt for his fondness.

But he could no more have cured it than he could have torn his heart up by the roots.

It amoyed his mother greatly that he did not pay more decided attention to her beautiful guest. She took him most severely to task.

"It would be an ideal match in every respect—fortunes and families equal—besides, Mislam is rarely beautiful. I have set my heart on having her for a daughter," she exclaimed.

"Then I wish you had another son to marry her, for she is not the type of beauty I admire," the exclaimed, petulantly.

"Do you not admire the Spanish type of beauty I"

beauty !

beauty 1"
"No; I am too dark myself to wed a dusky beauty. When I marry, I shall choose a blonde."
"Have you ever met Flore Mackenslo! She is fair as a illy, and as rich as Miriam."
"I am not looking for riches in a wife, mother. I shall marry for love alone," he said, huskily, and she started and eyed him keenly.
"Paul, you are thinking of that little scribbler we met in Glasgow," ahe cried in dismay.
"Than I should be wasting my time, for she would never think of me," he retorted, almost curtly, flinging from the room.
Mrs. Penfold was so worried that she frankly confided her fears to her daughter.
"Do you think it can be true, that he cares for besutiful Hilda Stuart!" she saked anxiously.

fourly.
"I believe that you are right, mamma. I have noticed some symptoms that way myself. But

why should it grieve you if he wished to marry her? She is lovely, charming, and talented."

"But miserably poor; you forgot that, Rose, and she has to support her sick mother by the work of her pen."

"But, mamma, what does her poverty matter, since my brother has pleady?"

"Oh, Rose, you do not know the worst. He is likely to lose part of his income at any time, so it is almost imperative that he should marry money."

"Lose his income? How?"

"Why, it is just this way, Rose. You know your papa left him that gold mine in Montana that he bought but a few years before he died?"

"Yes, mamma. But has the gold supply given

out 1

"Oh, no—the yield is very valuable—more so than when it was bought. But there is some illegality in the title, and Paul may lose half his Interest at any time."

Rose began to listen esgerly, and her moth continued,—

continued,—
"It was this way, dear. When the claim for the mine was first staked out, it was thought to be only a little pocket or vein of gold. When it was exhausted and showed no further indications of gold, the owner sold it to two young men from the East, who worked it awhile, then gave up in digust, and one man returned home, remarking to the other, that he might let him know it it ever promised a 'find,' otherwise he would not return. "Well, some ten years later, accident developed the fact that the abundaned claim was worth working again. The remarking that he believed his partner was dead, as he his heard such a rumour, and that possibly his heirs, if he had any, might turn up with the deed to half the mine, but he supposed they could be satisfied by the payment of a moderate sum.

"No heirs, however, have been heard of yet, but the gold is being found in such psylng quantities now, and the fame of the mine growing so fast, that it is only a question of time when the pare owner will put in his claim, and thus deprive Paul of half his facome."

"But you said the owner was dead, mamma."

"True; but he may have left heirs, though ummaried at the time when he left the Weat." "It was this way, dear, When the claim for

"But you said the owner was dead, mamma."
"True; but he may have left heirs, though
umarried at the time when he left the West,
And, you know, Paul is so Quixotic that he has
actually been trying to find out about this man
Stoard—whether he left any one to claim his
part of the mine or not. He told me only yesterday he has some little clae, and is working on
it, and hopes soon to find out the real truth."
"It is very noble of my brother!" cried the
romantic girl.
"It is very foolish." returned the practical

"It is very foolied my stother's creed the romantic girl.

"It is very foolieh," returned the practical mother. "You see now," she added, "why it is quite necessary Paul should marry money."

"I beg your pardon, I do not see it at all !" arclaimed wilful Rose. "Even it he loses half his income from the gold mine, he will still be very rich. And, to tell you the truth, I do not fancy Miriam Eurton for a sister-in-law. She is ill-tempered and selfish. I have found that out by her treatment of her maid; and I do not believe that she would make her husband happy."

"I hope you have not been telling Paul such stuff!" cried the lady, impatiently,

"Oh, no; but I should be tempted to do so, for his own good; if I saw him losing his heart to her. And I do hope you won't urge her to stay longer, mamms, for there's no use in it. Paul will never take to her, and he told me yesterday he was going away soon to visit a chum

raul will never take to her, and he told me yesterday he was going away soon to visit a chum till she leaves."

Mrs. Penfold was bitterly disappointed, and quite angry with Rose when she added,—

"I wish Miss Stuart had a fortune, for then you could see that she is the most charming girl we have ever met. I have fallen in love with her, and I only wish Paul would give her to me as a sister."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PAUL DENVER did indeed go away the next have day, saying that he had business that might But keep him away a month. If Miss Burton felt any

chagrin at his defection, she showed no sign of it in the pleasant, conventional tone in which she bid him farewell, asying she hoped to meet him

bid him farewell, saying she hoped to meet him at Newport later in the summer.

There were other men in the world beside this obtuse Paul Denver, who were not blind to her varied charms, and when she want home, two weeks later, she was followed by a very eligible adorer—a naval officer—who was deeply smitten with her flashing black eyes and regal bearing.

It was the last of June, now, and Mrs. Penfeld decided that she would go to Brighton for the season if Rose would only consent to the plan.

But Rose had vowed to spend July down in

the country with her neglected cousins.

"If you would only come with me, mamma,"
she courseted; but the lady hastly declined.
"The country was too dull," she said, "and she
would rather stay in town with her husband
until Rose saw fit to return and accompany her to

the sea."

So the young lady set off in great glee for Hill Crest, where she received a hearty welcome from the Forbes family in general and Bertha Manners in particular.

Bertha had gone to housekeeping in the old homestead that her husband had inherited from his parents, and is was so large and roomy that the young pair delighted in filling is up with company.

empany.

Hilds Stuart was a frequent visitor, having at last consented to forgive Bartha for her little innocent deception in getting her into Paul Den-

innocent deception in getting her into rant per-ver's house on false pretences.

"It was Paul's own suggestion, and we really meant nothing but kindness in providing you with a thelicor when Phit had so heartlessly turned you out of doors. I consider that you really acted ungratafully is leaving when you found out that Paul happened to Mrs. Penfold's son," Bertha said, frankly.

"You do not understand that I dislike him so

You do not understand that I dislike him so very, very much I could not endure to receive the least favour from him!" orled Hilds, her blue eyes flashing with the memory of her cruel

blue eyes flashing with the memory of her conwrongs.

"If I do not understand, why don't you explain to me, then I' Bertha cried, tartly. "Since
my wedding-night I hear nothing from you but
that you dislike Paul. Yet I am sure that ou
the day of the bloyde plenic you were madly in
love with each other. Didn't he tell me how he
admired you, and didn't he telegraph to fown
for that tandem wheel you rode together that
day I Everybody thought it, was sure to be a
match, and were so glad of your good luck. Why
did you turn against each other so suddenly,
tell me that, dear I"

Then Hilfs, turning from red to white, and
back again in dire confusion, pleaded, for the

back again in dire confusion, pleaded, for the sake of their friendship, that Paul should never be mentioned between them agalo. "I will never tell you anything. Why need you torture me with useless questions?" she

cried, resentfully.

So Bartha held her peace, and they were friends again as of yore. Hilds brought all her joys and again as of yore. Hilds brought all her joys and auccesses to. Bertha for syrapathy, and they laughed together over her new train of lovers; but her one secret—her hidden sorrow—shouried in her heart so deep that only the midnight stars ever heard its stilled cry of yearning.

Paul had utterly ignored her, had gone away and never even written her a line in commendation of her novel. Perhaps he had laughed at her vanity in sending him a copy. She regretted now that she had been so week.

The new book was in the publisher's hands now, and he had made her an offer for it so much more generous than the other that she was surprised and delighted.

"You have won success and I can a "The have won success a "The have won success a "The have won success a "Th Paul had utterly ignored-her, had gone away

prised and delighted.

"You have won success, and I can afford to risk a fair price now. With the first book it was different. I really did not expect it to win, and the result was a surprise to me, though a most agreeable one. Perhaps, as I said, your father; a fame helped you, but you have taken firm hold of the public, and your future as a literary star is assured. I congratulate you, Miss Stuart," he said, cordially.

he said, cordially,



" YOUR FUTURE AS A LITERARY STAR IS ASSURED. I CONGRATULATE YOU, MISS STUART," THE PUBLISHED SAID, CORDIALLY.

He was elated with her success, and secretly, very much amused at a joke on himself,—such a joke that he could not keep it to himself any longer. He indiscreetly confided it to a particular friend one day under promise of the strictest

"Everybody is reading the book," he said, "and it's on the top wave of popularity, yet that stupid reader of mine declared it would not sell. So I declined it, and I think she tried every publisher in Great Britain with the same result.

"Well, one day a friend of here came secretly to me, saying: It will break the poor child's heart not to get the book published. I am rich, and would like to gratify her wish. Write to her that you have reconsidered the matter, and will buy the book and pay all the advertising ex-penses, and a fair royalty. I'll back you, and every penny shall come out of my pocket."
"You are sure to lose heavily," I said, in my

"You are sure to lose neavily, I said, in my stupidity, "f" 'All right; I can afford it to give her pleasure, he said; adding: 'But mind, no one is ever to know of this secret of ours. I don't mind telling you I love the girl, and she won't accept me, so she must never know, for I should never be forgiven, and I want to be her friend, though denied the dearer right of lover."

"Wasn't he magnanimous, though, and roman-tic? No, I won't tell you his name; but the joke is on me, and I must have someone to share it with me. I can't tell my wife—she would tell all the other women—but a man can keep a secret. So this is the end; I took him at his word, bought the manuscript at a low rate, and word, bought the manuscript at a low rate, and brought it out in the next two weeks. Presto! it took the noval-reading women by storm, proved the ardent lover a good judge of a novel, and myself and all the other publishers who had refused it, asses. It went into a second edition in a month, and has paid so well that in the generosity of my heart! have refunded to the man the original two hundred he advanced on the transaction, together with my thanks and a liberal effer to become a reader for my house." "Did he accept 1"

"Of course not. He's a millionaire, with nothing to do but enjoy himself. But I can tell you he was proud and glad of the success of the girl he loved, and I can fancy his smile of joy when he gets my letter that I paid her two thou-

when he gets my letter that I paid her two thousand pounds down for her manuscript yesterday, and that I am going to make a pile out of it myself, as well as giving her ten per cent. royalties."

"The authoreus ought to know what a good friend be has shown himself, in spite of her rejection. She might learn to love him yet," said the friend.

"Perhaps he will tell her himself some day. I really think he ought to do so; but it's his own secret, so we must respect it," said the clated publisher.

But he forgot in his gush of confidence that his friend was a newspaper correspondent, and that such men are no respectors of secrets. He might just as well have told it to his wife and let the women keep it going.

The correspondent broaded over the delicious his of women was all it assumed a shawe to defound.

bit of romance until it seemed a shame to defraud the dear public of such a dainty meal. The the dear public of such a dainty meal. The newsman's instinct conquered, and the charming story of the joke on the publisher went into a spicy syndicate letter, the writer compromising with his guilty conscience by scrupulously keeping secret all the names of the parties concerned. But "he who runs may read."

The publisher was dismayed when he saw the result of his misplaced confidence, and heaped the traitor with reproaches. Moreover, he was careful not to send Hilda a copy of that letter with the budget of press notices.

careful not to send Hilda a copy of that lester with the budget of press notices.

So it escaped her for awhile, for she was busy just now trying to get back Cloverdale.

"I have promised to buy the place back for mamma, and I have the money now to pay for it. Will you try to arrange with the owner to let us have Cloverdale back i" she cried, radiantly to the selfeiter. to the solicitor.

The lawyer was only too happy to undertake the transaction for his charming young friend.

"I will write to my client," he said.

The result was that in two weeks the matter was arranged. Mr. Pomeroy was willing to part, with the property for the sum he had paid for it—two thousand pounds. Hilds gave her cheque to the lawyer when the deed came saying,—

"You will have to fill out the man's name,

I have heard nothing but Pomercy."

The lawyer's eyes twinkled humorously, as he handed her the peu, saying coolly,—

"The full name is Paul Pomercy Denver."

Hilds recoiled with a cry of surprise, and went-

pale to the lips.
"Not-not-Bertha's cousin?" she faltered, "Not-not inquiringly.

"The same. You see, he know your mother would be hurt at loaing the old place, so he just had me to buy it in for the family, saying he know

had me to buy it in for the family, saying he knew they would redeem it some time. Fine young chap, that Denver, Miss Hilds, and with cosans of money. Advise you to set your cap for him." Hilds could not utter a word for some moments. Burning tears stole down her chesks. They blurred the name that she traced so tremnlonsly on the cheque—the name of the man who had taken such tender care for her inthis one instance, that for the sake of the joy he had brought her mother she could almost forgive him her own wrongs.

"Sie van will tell him how I thank him."

"Sir, you will tell him how I thank him for his kindness," she said, almost insudibly, as she took the deed and left the office.

At home she placed it in her mother's lap, and their tears of joy were mingled together at the recovery of the dear old home. It belonged to her mother now by her own generous deed of gift. Phyllis could never turn them out-of-

But Phyllis could still wound with her secret malice, for presently she said, placing a news-paper in Hilda's lap.—

"Read that interesting news-letter my dear girl."

(To be continued.)



"HERMIONE, MY DARLING, CAN YOU FORGET THE PAST AND GIVE YOURSELF TO ME !" SAID LORD CARLYON.

THE TRIALS OF HERMIONE.

-10:-

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERES turned out a great deal better for Andrew Duncan than he deserved.

When Mr. Norton and Lord Carlyon discussed the case, the lawyer had reluctantly to confess they had no grounds on which to prosecute Duncan. He had, of course, instigated the attempted fraud, but every actual step had been taken by the poor lady he had made his wife. They might have prosecuted hev, but the real ainner would have got off soot free.

"I ahould take no action," advised Mr. Norton. "Poor Mrs. Lester is quite sufficiently punished by being tied to a man like that for the rest of her life. No money was obtained from you, and the attempted personation, base as it was, has

by being tied to a man like that for the rest of her life. No money was obtained from you, and the attempted personation, base as it was, has told you the one thing you most wished to know—namely, who is Mr. Home's heires."

Of course Duncan learned the failure of his scheme, he also learned the dire ruin Hermione Carlyon had made of her life; and in desperate reverge he told Clifford of his wife's claims to fortune, certain that, with such an incentive, the ne'or-do-well would never rest till he had her again in his power.

ne or-do-well would never rest this he had ner again in his power.

When Andrew Duncan reviewed his position he did not regret his conduct; he had suffered nothing for the ain he had attempted, and as to his marriage, Blanche Lester was a pleasant, domesticated woman, with the remains of great beauty, and that gift for making a home com-fortable which is the true heritage of English

matrons.

If Lisks had lived with him, Duneau reflected, he must have had a housekeeper of some kind. A wife came cheaper, and was more agreeable. Mr. Home's legacy, and his own savings (not quite honeatly made), would bring him in over two hundred a year. It would be hard if he could not add to his income by a little light employment.

As a fact, he secured the agencies of one or two good Colonial houses; took a cosy little villa at Balham; provided his wife with two maids, and sent Liska to an excellent school. It was strange that he flourished in spite of his evil crafty ways, but flourish he certainly did. As for Blanche, she began to believe the scene at Brighton had been a drawn, and to adopt her husband's view that Lord Carlyon had blackened his reputation for some private object.

for some private object.

"I was Mr. Home's companion, secretary, and friend," he said several times; "I may have paid him delicate little attentions on board the Arethusa when he was dying, but I was never his servant, except in the sense that he paid my salary.

And Mrs. Duncan actually believed him. Here was not a strong character; she needed somone to cling to and lean upon. Andrew Duncan quite fulfilled her requirements; and if he ruled her in all things, till the poor little woman had no will of her own, it was an affectionate tyranny which she never resented.

Mrs. Carlyon bore the shock of the news that

Mrs. Carlyon bore the shock of the news that Hermione and her companion were one and the same far better than her son expected.

"It is one anxiety instead of two," she said, simply. "Hermione's fate has always lain heavy on my mind; Miss Brown's would have done so, too. Now I have only one lonely girl to be anxious about."

"I should like to wring Clifford's neck!" said Denie, victously.

Denis, victously.

And yet he lost no time in writing to Clifford and inviting him to call in Garden-court. Here the proposal was put in very plain terms. Lord Carlyon would settle three hundred a-year on him for life if he would give up all claim on his

His answer we know already. He meant to

find Hermione and share her fortune.

Mrs. Carlyon had left Harley-gardens, and was staying with her son at a bijon residence in Kensington, which Denis had taken furnished for six months; he never said so in words, but his

mother knew perfectly the real reason for this stay in London was that he was seeking his cousin, and thought it desirable to be on the spot.

Mrs. Carlyon did a little seeking on her own account. One day she went to the hostel at Chelsea and told Miss Stanley just a little of Harrolone's story.

Hermione's story,

"If only we could find her we should know how to protect her from her husband. I want you to promise me this one thing; if ever should come here, will you let me know?"

And Miss Stanley promised readily, adding, it has been a sea

with the tears in her eyes,—
"I always felt that poor girl had some heavy trouble. The night she came here there was a desed look in her eyes as though her thoughts were very far away, and she did not really see anything around her. She never uttered a everyone here, but through it all I seemed to feel that there was something terribly wrong with her. I know people say that broken hearts are never met with now, but her case seemed to me just that."

I did so hope she would come back to you,"
Mrs. Carlyon, wistfully. "Miss Stanley,

"I did so hope she would come back to you," said Mrs. Carlyon, wistfully. "Miss Stanley, you know far more about—about poor gentle-women than I do; will you tell me what you think Hermione would do!"

Miss Stanley hesitated.

"She would not come here because she would think this was the first place where you would seek her. There are very few openings for a woman that do not demand references. It will hurt your feelings, Mrs. Carlyon, but I should think she would find it easiest to get into a shoo."

Mrs. Carlyon started.
"But surely a shop would not take an assistant without reference?"

"Miss Brown had a small stock of money, not much, but enough to keep her for a year; she told me that herself. Now, there are many shops, highly respectable ones, too, which will take anyone without a reference if they deposits

from twenty to fifty pounds as a guarantee of their honesty. If they have never been in busi-ness before, references could only speak to their honesty, and so I suppose the money guarantee would be as satisfactory."

Mrs. Carlyon sighed.

"You see," went on Miss Stanley, "Miss Brown was a very stylish-looking girl, and a perfect figure. Now, in the show-room of a high-class draper, they can afterd to pay for that, and nowhere could she be more hidden from her hus-

Mrs. Carlyon did not tell Donis of her visit, and she was still less inclined to tell him of another expedition which she made not long

afterwards.

She was a woman who believed intensely but was a woman was based lanes Clifford, but alse was ready to endorse all Denis said egainst him, only she heard that he had a mother, a mother like herself, a widow, and it ecemed to Mrs. Carlyon if only she could have a talk with this person, she might get to know something of Clifford's plans, and perhaps—who knows, make things easier for poor wilful Her-

mione.

It was with a beating heart that she turned into Essex-atreet, a broiling July afternoon. It looked such a common place, unpretentious street to have been the scene of a heart tragedy.

A bill in the front window of No. 70 announced that lodgings were to be let. What a dingy, dreary-looking house it was. No wonder that Hermione, fresh from the stately grandour of Carlyon, had shuddered at the sight of her lundsand? home. husband's home.

Mrs. Clifford opened the door herself. Things had gone very badly with her lately, and her black dress was several degrees shinler than it had been the previous November.
"Can I see Mrs. Clifford!" asked Mrs.

Carlyon, who never realized that this shabby drudge could be the mistress of the house. "It's myself, ma'am," said Mrs. Olifford,

"It's myself, ma'am," said Mrs. Olifford, wipling her hot face furtively on her apron. "Did you come about the rooms?"

"I wanted to speak to you for a few minutes

on private business; I will not keep you long."
If it's about the milliner's bill, ma'am, it's mught to do with me. My daughter's over twenty-one, and though her home's with me, I can't no way provide the finery the wants be answerable for it either."

"It is nothing to do with money," said Mrs.
Carlyon, gently, "and I will not keep you long.
She was shown into the front parlour. Mrs.

Clifford looked decidedly flushed,
"I am Mrs. Carlyon," said the visitor, frankly,
"My son and Mr. Chifford are at variance on a
certain point, and I thought possibly if you and
I had a little conversation, we might be able to
out things right."

put things right."
Mrs. Clifford shook her head mournfully; in-Art, Chiford shook her head mournfully; in-deed, her whole demeanour was dejected, and though her answer sounded rude, her visitor knew perfectly that it was not meant to be so, but was merely the complaint of a much tried

"I'm atraid it's no use, ma'am. My James has a fine spirit of his own, and won't be trampled on. If I says the truth, I think his knowing the Carlyons has just ruined him. Being three months in the country set him up above his station, and since then his mind's been according on his wife's grand relations, that he has not settled to anything."

"I am very much interested in Hermione, I suppose you saw her, Mrs. Cifford !"

"I just caught a sight of her. She turned up her nose at the lot of us, ma'am, and ran away before she'd been an hour in the house."

"And you have never seen her since !"

" Never once.

"She was with me nearly five months," said Mrs. Carlyon, quietly, "and I learned to love her dearly. She left my house (during my absence) because your son recognised her, and she feared he would claim her. We have never been able to find her since."

"Nor hasn't Jim," sald his mother, waxing confidential; "and the time and shoe-leather he's wasted, you wouldn't believe. I've told him

time after time he'd better give over, for a wife who hates him wouldn't be much comfort; and he'd far better be thinking of earning an honest living. If you'll believe me, ma'am, he's not done a stroke of work since his wedding-day. I'd not complain of giving him a bed and the run of his teeth "—(Mrs. Carlyon concluded this meant his board)—"but when it comes to finding him in pocket-money—and he spending a sovereign faster than I can seen it—why, it comes hard on me and the others."

"It must, indeed. I suppose you have some influence with your son, Mrs. Clifford!"

"Not much, ma'am. He's so like his father; an idle, good-looking fellow, who was too fond of the drink. That was my husband, and that'll be Jim." time after time he'd better give over, for a wife

"My son is Hermione's next male relation, and he regards himself as bound to protect her. Have you heard of his offer to Mr. Clifford?"

The landiady shook her head.
"Jim said Lord Carlyon turned him out of his rooms, which was rather strange as he'd asked him to call; but I never heard about any

"My son will settle three hundred a-year on Mr. Gifford for the rest of his life, if he will sign a deed, undertaking not to molest his wife or try to make her return to him. Mr. Chifford refused this ofer. I want you to try and make him accept it."

The poor woman looked at the rich one sacrely.

"Do you mean just what you say, ma'am? Three hundred a year just for leaving that proud, study of the work when the work was a work of the work of the

stuck-up chit alone?"

"I do. The money can be paid monthly or weekly. There are no conditions whatever, except that Mr. Clifford does not molest his wife. It is nearly six pounds a-week, Mrs. Clifford, and a nice little income."

"I'd be thankful for the half of it," said the poor landlady, earnestly. "Times are that hard, ma'am, to say nothing of the getting older; and some of the lodgers objecting to Jim's coming in at all hours of the night, often not too sober. My eldest girl earns her own living, and my younger boys help a bit; but it's a hard struggle."

"I am sure is must be," said Mrs. Carlyon,

younger boys hesp a but, but here struggle."

"I am sure is must be," said Mrs. Carlyon, kindly. "Now, listen to me. It must surely be to your interest, and to the interest of his brothers and aisters for Mr. Clifford to accept my son's proposal. Try and influence him to do so; and the day the deed is signed, I will give you a present of a hundred pounds. It may make things a little easier for you, and will show that I do not expect you to help me for nothing."

Mrs. Clifford sat for some time after the lady had left her. She was thinking more seriously than she had ever done before. With the exception of Jane her children had the hardest fight to imaintain themselves. It was cruel on the others as well as on her that Jim should sponge on them. She was weak as water where her aldest any was concerned, he had but to affect.

others as well as on her that Jim should sponge on them. She was weak as water where her eldest son was concerned, he had but to affect low spirits and threaten suicide to wheedle her last shilling from her. Thanks to keeping him in idleness and supplying him with money, she was in arrears with her payments, and the trades-people were beginning to get chary of trusting

If Jim had six pounds a week of his own, and ahe received a bonus of a hundred pounds, the family would be almost in affiguence.

Mrs. Clifford convened a family meeting after supper of Jans and her two younger sons. (Alice was thought too flighty to be trusted.) And Mrs. Carlyon's visit was discussed.

"Jim will drink himself silly with the money," said Jane, bluntly. "But things can't go on as they are now. You had better tell him that you have let his room, mother; and he can't stay here any longer. Penhaps then he'll be sensible and accept Lord Carlyon's offer."

Mrs. Clifford sighed.

"It's the best plan, mother," said Bill, roughly but not unkindly, "just let him feel he has to depend upon himself, and he'll not be quite so bumptious."

quite so bumptious."

But this decision was never conveyed to James Clifford. He did not come home that night or

the next. On the third he arrived at Es the next. On the third he arrived at Resex-street in such a hopeless state of intoxica-tion that it would have been useless to try to speak to him. His brothers got him to bed in angry silence, hoping that his state might be hept from the lodgers; but a few hours later he was raging in delirium, and Bill, seriously alarmed, went out to find the mearest doctor, thinking sadly there was no end to the trouble and disgrace Jim had brought on them.

Dr. Martin examined the patient and asked one or two questions. Then he gave his opinion trankly enough.

one or two questions. Then he gave his opinion frankly enough.

"Is' delivium tremens. He's been drinking hard for weeks. You'd better get in a nurse, for he'll give plenty of trouble."

Bill confessed frankly they could not afford the nurse, and Dr. Martin who knew Mrs. Clifford as an honest hard-working woman felt-really sorry for her.

"I tell you it's touch and go with him," he said to Bill. "I don't think a nurse would really give him a better chance of life. Only attending to him while he is in this state is sheer hard labour, and it's not fair that you who have your day's

to him while he is in this state is sheer hard labour, and it's not fair that you who have your day's work to see to should have this in addition."

"I'm pretty tough," said Rill, "and my sidest sister's holidays have just begun, so she can help us. I recken we'll pull through somehow, only when Jim is one on his legs again he'll have to shift for himself. I won't have mother quite ruined by him."

It was a tarrible illness and the labour.

It was a terrible illness, and the lodgers, resenting "such a thing happening in a respectable house" (as they put it), decamped in a body. Poor Mrs. Clifford was at her wits end. There was no meney coming in except the boys scanty earnings and Jane's salary. The ordinary expenses went on just the same, forceased by the cost of things needed by the invalid.

"I've not a shilling in the house," said Mrs. Clifford one day in despair. "Bill, do you think Lord Carlyon would be willing to pay us a little of the money he offered Jim. I don't want to do anything underhand. One of us night go to him and say that Jim had been in bod three weeks, and might never get up again. We'd all promise, to get him, to agree to leave his wife alone when he recovered if Lord Carlyon would help us now." help us now."
Bill shook his head.

Bill shook his head.
"I'll have nothing to do with Lord Carlyon; we don't know what passed between him and Jim, but I'd not mind going to see his mother. I caught sight of her when she came here, and I thought she tooked nice."

He was a blunt, rough fellow without any of the veneer of genefility which so deceived people in his brother.

Shown into Mrs. Carlyon's pretty morning-room he looked utterly out of place, but he had no embarrassment and went to the point at once, telling the lady the exact state of things in Essex street.

"Dr. Martin won't let mother know the worst, but he told me nothing could give Jim a long life. If he gets over this bout and takes to are. If no gets over this bout and takes to drink again he's certain to have another and that must finish things. I hate asking for money, ma'am, it's a thing I've never done, but mother got it into her head that as your son was willing got it into her head that as your son was willing to pay Jim so much a year to leave his wife alone he might consent to allow him the same sum weekly while he was laid aside, and it was impossible for him to trouble her. We'll all pass our words that we'll not let him molest her while he's with us. If he ever recovers sufficiently to go away on his own account it would be different, but then Lord Carlyon would have the power in his own hands and could stop the allowance."

allowance."

"My son is away from home," said Mrs. Oarlyon, "but I will not keep you walting for his reply. I offered your mother a hundred pounds if she would induce your brother to accept Lord Carlyon's offer. I am sure from what you tell me, that she means to do so, so I had better pay half the sum in advance. It still wants an hour to the closing time of the bank, so I'll give you an open cheque; you can cash it at once."

at once."
"But," said Bill, honestly, "you know we

have no real power over Jim. When he gets strong again he may start the search for his wife afresh."

I will risk that," she hesitated. "To tell you the truth; we have heard of a young English girl who was found drowned in Paris, the description applied to Hermions, and my son has gone over to see if he can identify the body."

Bill shook his head.

girl who was found drowned in Paris, the description applied to Hermione, and my son has gone over to see if he can identify the body."

Bill shook his head.

"He wen't. Mra Carlyon, I don't like to be too positive, but I am almost certain my brother's wife is in London."

"Have you seen her!"

"I should not recognise her if I did, But when Jim's delirium was at the worst, he was always talking of her, and we gathered that he had seen her quite lately in London driving in a carriage with a little girl, but that though he hired a cab and pursued them, he could not come up with the carriage."

"And this was!"

"In the Park, shout a month ago. He's gone over it time after time. There were two horses and a coachman and footman. I don't know much about grand folks," added Bill; "but it looks as though she'd gone out as a governes."

Mra Carlyon wrote the cheque, and when Bill departed she went over his story anxiously in her own mind. She had never abared Donis's fear that Hermione would commit micide. It had seemed to her that if the girl could bear the discovery of her husband's real character, she could bear also her later troubles.

Deals had left for Paris with mingled feelings, he told his mother, if the dead girl proved to be Hermione, he should always feel that Clifford had murdered her, but then at least they would know she was at rees and ande from she, and corrow, pain, and fear. How could they whicher to wear out her young life chained to such a man as James Clifford!

"Surely if he recovers he will repent," thought Mrs. Carlyon, "and accept three hundred a year to leave his wife in passe, and yet he was actually on her track when this illness struck him down! Strange that he should have seen her when all our efforts have never discovered a clue!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

OHAPTER XXIV.

The dead girl in Paris was not Hermione, and Denis wired the news to his mother, adding that he should not be home for two or three days, as he had met some friends in the gay French capital, and meant to stay with them till they returned to England.

The friends were Winifred Jones and her husband. Coming on them suddenly in the Bois de Boulegne, Denis found that they were not having as all a good time. Winnie's French was of the feeblest school girl kind, and her husband spoke no language but his own. Then it was the wrong time of year for Paris, and in short they felt disposed to think the whole trip a failure.

"Let me be electron for the rest of your stay," said Denis, pleasantly. "I always enjoy Paris most when it's practically empty, and I think I shall convert you to my views. Where's the little girl!"

"At Folkestone with her governess. We

"At Folkestone with her governess. We settled them there before we left," said Winnie, "To tell you the truth," said Mr. Jones, "we came abroad at a moment's notice. Our dear elater Sylvia offered to came and spend a month with us at Folkestone. We wired back we were just leaving; gave up our rooms at the hotel; settled Nell and her governess in quarters close to the sea, and came off before we could get an indigmant remonstrance."

to the sea, and came off before we could get an indignant remonstrance."

"Nell inn't-old enough to be worried with a governess, surely !" said Denis.

"She is nearly seven. Perhaps her governess is more like a lady-nurse; she is quite young and very pretty," said Mr. Jones.

"She is beautiful," corrected his wife, "and Nell is devoted to her. We all like her, except my slater, who is hard to please."

"Is your sister Mrs. Empson still!" asked Denis, graysly.

onle, gravely.

took the others to Germany, so Sylvia has had to make a home for hersell. She lives at Ful-ham, because it is the nearest place where she can get a cheap house. I wish she would have gone further out where the children gould have had a garden."

"I don't," said her husband, frankly. "If Spivia had lived in a more distant suburb, she would have quartered herself on as whenever she came to London."

"I am afraid we seem very inhospitable,"
said Winnie, "Lord Carlyon, when are you
going to settle down as a country gentleman! I
met your mother the other day, and she did not
held out much hopes of it."

"And my sister-in-law has taken to speak of
her eldest boy as 'the little heir,' "said Denis,
laughing. "But as I am only thirty-four, that
acoms a little premature."

her eldest boy as 'the little heir,' and Denis, laughing. "But as I am only thirty-four, that ascens a little premature."
"Very," agreed Mrs. Jones.
They spent a fortuight in Paris, and then crossed to Folkestone, where Winnie pressed Lord Carlyon to be their guest for a day or two, and cenew his acquaintance with Nell.

"She and Miss Brown will be at the hotel to meet us," said Mr. Jones. "I wonder what you will think of our pratty severages?"

meet us," said Mr. Jones. "I wonder what you will think of our pretty governess?"

"Did you say her name was Brown?"

"Yes," the stockbroker stared; "but it's not

"And when did she come to you?"

"And when did she come to you?"

"In June. Surely, Lord Carlyon, you cannot hope to identify anyone by such a name as Brown?"

Brown?

"My mother had a companion who called herself Miss Brown," said Donia, gravely. "Last May in our absence she left Brighton, frightened away by the pursuit of a man who was, unfortunately, her husband. I interviewed the scoundrel, and discovered the poor girl we had known as Mary Brown was really my kinswoman, Hermione Carlyon. Since then my mother and I have sought her far and near; we would both do our utmost to protect her from her husband, and I hold on trust for her a considerable sum of money."

Mr. Jones shook his head.

"What do you think, Winnie? Is our Miss Brown the missing hoices!"

"I don't know. I always feel there is a secret in her life, and that It is a sad one; but Lord Carlyon will meet her to-morrow, and then the question will be settled."

"Will you just tell me this," pleaded Denis.

Will you just tell me this," pleaded Denis.

"How did you hear of her!"

"She was recommended to me by a Miss Ward,
a professional nurse, who I shall always think

"A middle-aged woman, with a quiet, scothing voice, and a dark blue uniform !"
"Yes; do you know her!"
"She nursed me in the winter. I remember how, she took a great fancy to Hermions—I mean to Miss Brown."
"What a good thing we shall be in England to morrow, so that your supeans will be short."

to-morrow, so that your suspense will be short. But, Lord Carlyon, I can't hope for you to be successful; If our Miss Brown is your cousin, what shall Nell and I do without her?"

"I do not think she would wish to leave you if you were willing to keep her; indeed, the only result of my recognising her would be that mother and I should not have to think of her as a lonely

wanderer any more."
When Whule and her husband were alone, the latter whispered, significantly,—
"And so that's the reason Lord Carlyon foreswears matrimony."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife, quickly.
"It's a tremendous pity, for Carlyon's a resi
good sort; but can't you see what he's done? He
fell in love with his mother's companion before
he dreamed she was his own coustn and a
married woman."

"Oh!"—and Winnie looked very troubled.
"Will, I—I do hope you are mistaken."

CHAPTER XXV, AND LAST,

Mas. Jones had a wonderful amount of fact. Knowing that the meeting beween Lord Carlyon and her governess might be a very embarrassing

one, she took care that it should take place with-

Leaving her husband and Denis to walk to the

Leaving her husband and Denis to walk to the hotel, she drove off in a fly, so that she had seen and greeted Miss Brown and caressed her little girl before they arrived.

"My dear," she said, very hindly to Hermione, "an old friend of ours is coming to be our guest for a day or two—Lord Carlyon. He tells me he thinks he knows you. He has reason to believe that you were his mother's companion for some time."

Hermione turned deadly pale.

"It is quite true," she said, simply. " hire.
Carlyon was very and to me, and I left her suddenly without notice. I know it seemed ungrateful, but I could not help it. Miss Ward know all about it, and she said it would not be deceiving you to come here."

"Do not think I am blaming you," said Winnie, kindly; "I would not for the world pain you, but Lord Carlyon seems to have been very anxious about your fate. If you do not mind meeting him I think it will be a great comfort to him to have seen you, and to be able to tell his mother that

you are well."

"I will see him." said Hermione, slowly, wondering if James Clifford had betrayed her secret, and if Denis Carlyon knew she was his cousin.

"I will send Lord Carlyon to you here," said Winnie, and then she left Miss Brown in the pretty sitting room allotted to her and her puell, and went downstairs with Nell clinging to her hand.

Lord Carlyon had written to his mother, giving her the address of the hotel, and had half expected to find a letter from her awalting him; instead, a telegram was placed in his hand. He opened it eagerly, fearing had news, but the fact it stated brought the hot blood rushing to his face. Surely he was not base enough to rejulce at a fellow-creature's death—and yet how could he be sorry that Hermione was free from the fetters forged so rashly last November?

he be sorry that Hermione was free from the fetters forged so rashly lass November!

"James Clifford died this morning." That was all. No explanation, no comment. Denis thrust the telegram into his pocket and looked up to see Mrs. Jones watching him with a grave

"I hope you have no bad news? Your mother is not Ill?" She is quite well. I have had a surprise,

but not one to cause me grief."
"I have spoken to Miss Brown. I think you will find she is your consin."
She took him to the door of the room, but did She took him to the door of the room, but did not enter. He went in alone. In the bow-window looking out upon the silvery sea atood the girl he had known as Mary Brown. The Auguss sunshine made a halo round her head—she looked lovelier than the bad over seen her.

And she was free. She knew it not, but a merciful providence had broken her bonds.

"Hermione!"
She looked up with a startled at-

She looked up with a startled air.

"Then you know?"
"I know that you are my kinswoman, and I wish with all my heart that you had trusted me with your secret when you were in Harleygarde

You would have despised me.

"I could never have done that."

"And, besides, don't you know! Hasn't Mr.
Norton told you all the unkind things I used to say about you? How could I come to you after that and ask you to save me from the effects of my own folly!"

that and ask you to save me from the effects of my own folly 1"
"I can only be thankful that Fate guided you to Mrs. Jones," he said, gravely. "I have known her since she was a child, and I am sure she would try and make you happy."
"She has been—oh, so kind, and Nell is a darling."

"And I am going to sak you to leave Nell," he went on. "My mother has missed you sorely. My sister Kate has decided to remain in America, and mother any she feels a very lonely old woman. Don's you think you could bring your-self to go back to her, not as her companion, 'Miss Brown,' but as her kinswoman, Hermions.'

She shook her head.
"It would not be safe, You forget my

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the beautiful and the for any in

husband. He will never rest until he has found

"Only a little while ago I should have felt the same, but I have just heard that you need never fear him again. You are as utterly free as though you had never worn a wedding-ring, and been—though in name only—James Clifford's wife."

You mean you have made him consent to a

legal separation!"
"I mean that he has gone to a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Hermione, your husband is dead!"
"Dead!" there was untold relief in her tone.

"Dead?" there was untold relief in her tone. Then she exclaimed in an anguished voice: "Am I very wicked that I can't be sorry? I swore to love him till my life's end, and yet the only feeling I can be conscious of is relief."

"You are not wicked; no, nor heartless," said Lord Carlyon, quietly. "You have been tried almost beyond your strength, that is all."

"And if you had not found me I should never have known that I was free. I should still have felt in one continual dread lest he should find me."

"You need never feel that dread again. And now, Hermione, I have two other things to tell you—you must hear one of them now, the other shall wait. Did you ever hear anything about your mother's family ?"

your mother's family?"

"She was an orphan and brought up in a charitable asylum. I believe she had a brother abroad. My father said once the only near relation I had was of no use because he was at the Antipodes."

"Well, you have heard me speak of my fellow-traveller, Mr. Home, and the search he entrusted to me?"

"Yes. I have often wondered if you had found your ward."
"I have found her now. Hermione, your mother was the little sister whom the dying man remembered so fondly, and you are his heiress and my ward. You have fifty thousand pounds of your own, or rather you will have just as soon as it can be made over to you; so don't you see, you can't go on masquerading as Mrs. Jones's nursery governess."
When Mrs. Jones heard the story she was the

first person to see this. While her husband and Denis sat up smoking, she and Hermione had a long chat in the latter's room, and she spoke very gently and tenderly to the girl-widow.

y dear child, I am very fond of you, and I would gladly keep you here; my little girl loves you, and Will and I feel more at home with you than we ever did before with a stranger; but the helress of fifty thousand pounds can't possibly be a governess, and I do not think it would be right to Lord Carlyon for you to go on hiding yourself in obscurity; you owe it to him and his mother (both of whom I know have been blamed as the remote cause of your rash marriage) to take your rightful place. Mrs. Carlyon will gladly receive you as a guest, and your right place is with her until——"

Until I die ! That sounds hard on her." "I was going to say until you marry again. But, perhaps, as your first experience was so un-fortunate, you will not be in a hurry to end your widowhood."

In the end it was settled that Hermione should remain with Mrs. Jones until she returned to Bayswater, and that then "something must be

It was Mr. Norton who came to see Hermione very soon after she reached London, and told her the pecuniary part of her offsirs was settled, and she had now an income of over two thousand a year.

"Your guardian, Lord Carlyon, has gone to Australia," he said, calmly: "It seems there were Australia," he said, calmly; "it seems there were some points about Mr. Home's property which required settling. His mother is alone She wants you to go and stay with her. She is living in a furnished house with strange servants who never knew you as Miss Brown. You can take your place there as the Honourable Mrs. Clifford from the first."

Hermione looked at her plain black dress, the mourning she still wore for her father.
"I could not put on weeds," she said, slowly,

"or wear a widow's dress, it would be a

"or wear a widow's dress, it would be a mockery."

"I know. There will be no need to tell the world at large how long your husband has been dead. When shall I tell Mrs. Carlyon to expect you? I have spoken to Mrs. Jones, and she is willing to release you at ones."

"I will go to Mrs. Carlyon next Monday. Mr. Norton, will you do something for me?"

"And gladly."

"You know that Mr. Clifford had a mother who was poor. Now I have all this money I should like to settle an income on her. Can it be done, once for all, or must I send it year by year?"

"I can purchase an annuity for her." said Mr. Norton. "I am not quite certain whether you are allowed to dip into your principal; but, if not, you can repay the amount by instalments. Three hundred a year will make life vary easy for Mrs. Clifford."

But Hermione's wish was never carried out—

But Hermione's wish was never carried out— it had been forestailed. Before he left England, Lord Carlyon had instructed his bankers to pay Mrs. Clifford the sum of seventy-live pounds every quarter, and Mr. Norton felt more money was not needed.

Mrs. Carlyon received Hermione very tenderly, and the two grew very dear to each other that autumn. Then when the days grew short and cold, David Nairn, who was passing through London, was so struck with young Mrs. Clifford's delicate fragile appearance, that he warned his mother-in-law she must not risk a winter in England.

So they went abroad to the bright scenes where Hermione's childhood had been spent, and only returned to England when the June roses were blooming, and Lord Carlyon was daily ex-

pected home. "We will go to Carlyon to receive him, unless it will be too painful for you, Hermione," said

his mother.

" I shall like to see the dear old place again," answered Hermione.

In her heart she had been a little hurt at Denis leaving England without seeing her again. In that interview at Folkestone, he had ex-In that interview at Folkestone, he had expressly said there were two things he wanted to tell her. Well, the second had been left untold, and she often wondered what it could possibly have been.

She was to know soon. The very day after Lord Carlyon's return, they were walking in the beautiful rose garden, and he told her,—

"I loved you long ago, in the days when I thought you were my mother's companion, Mary Brown. Hermione, my darling, can you forget the past and give yourself to me?"

It is the general opinion of Westahire that Lord Carlyon's marriage is a great success, and that if his beautiful wife was unfortunate in her first partings ahe is very harm, in her second.

that if his beautiful wife was unfortunate in ner first partner, she is very happy in her second. Hermione and Denis are lovers still. Mrs. Carlyon is radiant in the happiness of her favourite son, and Janet Nairn rejoices that the advent of two bonny bairns to the long deserted nursery at Carlyon has forced her sister-in-law, Ellias, to leave off calling her son "the little

And so, after storms, came peace, and a quiet deep happiness followed the TRIALS OF HER-

THE MED. 1

THE spirit of gambling dominates all classes in Russia. Recent official statistics show that more than 2,000,000 roubles (about £330,000) are each year spent on playing cards in Russia in Europe. year spent on playing cards in Russia in Europe. The monopoly of the manufacture of playing cards belongs to the Tsaritas Maria charitable institutions, and an income of 1.790,000 roubles (£230,000) a year is produced, the cost of manufacture being only 300,000 roubles (£50,000). In view of these figures it is not surprising to find that social life in Russia is concentrated round the card table exactable to the previous and the life. table, especially in the provinces, and that litera-ture and art are relegated to second place.

THE HUMAN HAIR: Its Restoration and Presertion." A Practical Treatise on Baldness, Greyness, vation." A Practical Treatise on Baldness, Greyness, Superfluons Hair, &c. 40 pages. Post-free six stamps, from Dr. HORN, Hair Specialist, Bournemouth.

THE SECRET OF THE MINE.

CHAPTER L.

"Fon Heaven's rake, do not look out of the window !

window t"

The warning had come too late. As the northbound express rushed into the bustling station of
Westboro, a handsome young Englishman, who
sat beside a hangury elderly gentleman who was
doing his best to keep him in conversation and
chain his attention, turned suddenly and glanced
casually through the open window.

The young man threw back his head with a
merry laugh, showing two rows of spleadid white
teeth below a silky brown moustache.

"My dear uncle, your advice was not in time."

"My dear uncle, your advice was not in time," he answered. "I looked, and I saw, not a terrible rlot among the miners, as your warning might have led me to infer, but, instead, a young girl, so lovely that for an instant she almost took girl, so lovely that for an instant she almost took my breath away, driving a high phaston, and holding the ribbons over the wildest yet most auparb pair of black thorough-breds I have ever beheld. Did you think they would whirl her under the train! See," he cried, in the same breath, "she has succeeded in getting them under perfect control now. What the deuce do you mean by attempting to pull me back from the window?" he added, with much annoyance in his voice; adding, enabusiastically, "Great Heaven! I had no idea that there were any girls like that in such a place. I—I wonder who she is. Just look and see how the rough miners are bowing to her right and left, and taking off their hats to her as though she were a princessroyal. Our time is our own, uncle; we are on a pleasure trip—why not stop here for a on a pleasure trip—why not stop here for a few days? Speak quickly, if you are agreeable to the plan; the train will move out in another

The elder man drew back quickly, answer-

"No, no, Harold, of all places in the world,
I should not care to stop here. The—the—
town has very unpleasant recollections for me.
I would not have passed through is if it

town has very unpleasant recollections for me.

I.—I.—would not have pessed through it if to could have been avoided. I.—I did not wish you to ever see that young girl."

"You make me curious." said Harold Travers, settling himself back in his seat very reluctantly as the train moved out, and the jolly, merry sprite, the object/of his eager scrutiny, was lost to his gaze. "Do you know the girl !"

The worst engagement in his voice betrayed itself.

The great eagerness in his voice betrayed itself.

The great eagerness in his voice betrayed itself.
The elder man made some evasive reply, and
tried his best to change the subject, but his companion would not be put off in that way.
"Uncle," he said, dushing a little, "for the
first time in my life I have seen a face that has
startled my whole being into new life. I have
felt the force of an attraction that will give me
no peace until I have met that girl. If there is
such a thing as love at first sight, uncle, then
such I are described in love. I mean to make surely I am desperately in love. I mean to make it a point to stop here on our return trip, and make her acquaintance if it be within human

"Are you in earnest, Harold ?" asked his

uncle, falteringly.

"Indeed I am," declared the young man, determinedly; adding, "You must admit that it is the law of nature, uncle. A man sees a face that attracts him; there is something about it that draws him insensibly towards the owner of

that draws him insensibly towards the owner of is, like a magnet to the pole, and he never rests until he meets and makes her his bride."

"Hush, Harold, hush!" exclaimed the elder man, excitedly. "I cannot bear it. Youth is impulsive. You fancy yourself in love at first sight with that girl, and, must make her acquaintance; but I tell you, Harold, it shall not be! I could not see you plunge blindfold into a sea of fire without doing my utmost to hold you back. I could not see you stretch out your back. I could not see you stretch out your hands to grasp a deadly two-edged sword that I knew would surely destroy you, without warning you. To see either of these things happen to you would not be nearly so dangerous as to have you meet the girl whose laughing face flashed upon you for an instant at the station we have just passed."

"But I have made up my mind," insisted the young man, "so it is wisest for us both to let the discussion end here. See her again I certainly

discussion end here. See her again I certainly shall."

"You force the truth from my lips, Harold, that I had never thought to breathe to a human belog; but I cannot hold my peace and see my nephew, the last and only one of my race, rush headlong to his undoing. The girl is, I grant you, more beautiful than a dream, but her great beauty is a fatal gift to her, for she must never love—she must never marry. Hush, Harold; hear me through without comment, then I will sak you whether or not you would have the courage to love her. Pauline Stanford, the great silver king, who came up on this train with us, and with whom I held so long a conversation, and afterwards introduced to you. Ah, you start, wondering, probably, why I should warn you against marriage with the beautiful daughter of a man worth many millions. She has suitors by the score, attracted by her wealth and brilliant beauty. She is so vivacious and winning, ay, so dangerously fascinating, that duels have been fought for her sake. Friends have turned into deadly foes, striving against each other for her favour. Two men were brave enough to go boldly into the presence of the haughty silverking and sue upon bended knee for his lovely daughter's hand. When Wilfrid Stanford found that they could not be turned from their purpese, he bound each in turn to eternal secrecy. daughter's hand. When Wilfrid Stanford found that they could not be turned from their purpese, he bound each in turn to eternal secrecy, and asked them to his library, where he had an important revelation to make. The interview in each case lasted until the grey dawn broke in the eastern sky. The result was, that although each was given permission to woo and win the brilliant beauty—now that he knew the whole story—neither of the lovers dared fly in the face of inexorable fate. One shot himself dead before he left the grounds, the other went mad. Listen to the revelation I have to make, Harold—listen in silence."

For an hour or more the elder man sperapidly, but in a low, strained voice, which could be heard only by the ears of his compani When he had concluded, he turned to

"Now, Harold," he said, hoarsely—"now that you know all, would you dare trust yourself to love Pauline Stanford, beautiful and wealthy though she is?"

"No—no," answered the young man, with a groan, as he buried his ashen face in his trembling hauds; "no—not for all the wealth of the Indies."

"Forget the girl—never even iny to see her," advised the elder gentleman, "and be glad you were warned in time. Only one other person, besides her father and myself, knows the terrible story. The young lady is not aware of it hereelt."

After a moment's uncomfortable pause, Harold

After a moment's uncomfortable pause, Harold raised his head.

"Now that I remember it, uncle," he said, "did not this same Wilfrid Stanford, the silver king, send on to you for a private secretary a few months ago, and did you not respond by recommending and sending out to him handsome Danis Connor, as we called him at college? Was it not a great unkindness to send him out where he would come in contact with the silver king's beautiful young daughter without anyone to warn—"

"Harold," interrupted the elder gentleman, abarply, "the case is quite different. Denis Connor is the son of humble parents—ay, very humble. He earned every shilling of the money himself that took him through college. It was an act of charity to put a position of any kind in the young man's way. It is not to be supposed for an instant that a person in his position would aspire to the hand of the sliver king's daughter—in fact, I never considered the young lady in the matter in any way."

"He is proud enough to aspire to any height," said the nephew, thoughtfully. "It almost cut him to the heart when the fallows at college

discovered that his father was a blacksmith in a country village, and commenced to taunt him with it."

with it."

"I shall never forget how he called all the college men together, and what a ringing speech he made to them, asking them if they wished him to leave the college or not on account of it. There wasn't a dry eye among us when he had finished, and from that hour every fellow in Cambridge was a firm friend of handsome Denis Comnor. Now that I recall it, he wrote back to some of the fellow; that his employer was one Comor. Now that I recall it, he wrote back to some of the fellow: that his employer was one of the wealthiest and kindliest men in the West, that his home was a veritable paradise, but he did not mention that his employer had a daughter—the sly fellow."

Meanwhile, the young fellow who had been the object of their conversation, after rapturously kissing the elegant old gentleman who had alighted from the train, and depositing him on the cushioned seat beside her, caught up the reins again and wheeled the mettlesome horses

about. "You should not have driven those horses, Pauline," remarked the old allver king, looking fondly at the bright, beautiful, restless young girl; "they are too spirited."
"That's why I adore them, papa," declared the girl. "If they hadn't lots of spirit and go in them, they wouldn't be worth trying to curb and conquer. Why, there isn't a horse that I couldn't manage. People say the same of you, when you were young like me."
The old allver king laughed, but the laugh ended in a sigh.

The old allver king laughed, but the laugh ended in a sigh.

"How is everything going on at home?" he asked. "The two weeks that I have been away seems like an age."

"You might know that everything goes on like clock-work at the house under Mrs. Peters (the housekeeper) regime, and your business affairs seem to be well attended to. Mr. Dauls Connor, your private secretary, is in the library day and night, and seems unusually busy."

The old sliver king leaned back in his carriage, looking neither to the right nor the left as they passed the many groups of miners that lounged here and there through the principal streets of the village. The men's brows grew dark as they watched him dash past them behind the mettle-some horses.

watched him dash past them behind the mettlesome horses.

"He is worth his millions," they muttered,
savagely, "yet he thinks more of one of his silver
shillings than the life of any one of the miners in
his employ. He's been throwing his silver about
with a laviah hand; but it will all come out of
us poor miners' pockets. He will cut down our
wages until the money he has just thrown away
is made up to him. The men are so beside themselves with rage, mark my words, a mighty rict
is imminent."

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

THE tramping of the horses' hoofs upon the broad carriage-drive caused Mr. Stanford's young private secretary to raise his head just as Patiline sprang from the vehicle to the verandah, and turned to assist her father to alight, instead of waiting for him to perform the service for her.

The pen fall from the young secretary's nerveless fingers, blotting the page before him; but he did not know it. His whole soul was concentrated in the earnest, wistful gaze bent upon the girl's bright, glowing, happy face.

"How beautiful she is!" he sighed. "Like some wonderful tropical bird, as sweet of song and as bright of plumage. Heaven help me! The worst thing that could have happened me was to come here and meet her."

He never was to forget the slightest incident

was to come here and meet her."

He never was to forget the alightest incident connected with it. He had come from his English home with but one thought surging through his brain as the train whirled on over hill and plain, leaving mile after mile behind it, and that was, from the money he earned, he would send home every shilling over his expenses to his dear old mother and his sister Ella. It would be a great help to his father. He would not have to work so hard to make both ends meet and keep Ella at school.

When he reached the station and was driven up to Castle Royal, as Mr. Stanford's place was called, and unhered into the marble entrance hall, he fairly held his breath. In all his life he had never beheld such magnificence. The mossio floors, and walls, and domed celling, the wonderful pictures and costly statues, fortunes in them-selves, and rich hangings that were marvels in art. He saw superb suites of rooms and liveried servants. He saw magnificence and luxury such as he had never dreamed existed, even among the

very wealthy.

Mr. Stanford greeted him courteously. Mrs.
Peters, the housekeeper, who was a distant member of the family, and a lady of considerable importance in the household, held out her hand to him in welcome.

"You are to have very nice cool, alry rooms in the eastern wing, Mr. Connor," she said. "There is only one drawback to it—you will be awakened very early in the moralog by Mr. Stanford's daughter Pauline romping on the lawn with her

From this remark he somehow gathered that

From this remark he somehow gathered that Mr. Stanford's daughter was a little child.

"There's only Mr. Stanford, Paulius and myself in this large house, besides the servants," went on the housekeeper, volubly; "but for all that we are never lonely, for there's always a houseful of company. It so happens just at present, however, that we are alone for a few days."

days."

Denis Connor was delighted with the suite of rooms to which he was shown. He sighed as he looked about him thinking how unendurable his own plain room at home would be after occupying apartments like these.

"We dine exactly at seven, Mr. Connor. I hope you will be punctual and come down quite as soon as the second bell rings. Mr. Stanford is particular in having each member of the household obey this rule."

Mr. Stanford and Mrs. Peters were already

Mr. Stanford and Mrs. Peters were already sated at the table when he entered the spacious

seated at the table when he entered the spacious dining-room.

He had scarcely seated himself in the place assigned to him, and exchanged a few words with them, when he heard the quick tread of dainty alippered feet in the corridor without.

There was a whiff of the odour of roses, a rustie of skirts, and the next instant there flashed across Denis Connor's gaze the most glorious vision be had ever beheld.

A tall allow young girl in a pluk-flowered mull.

A tall, slim young girl in a pink-flowered muli dress, with a face that was simply bewildering in its rare ripe loveliness, the brow and chin were olive tinted, and the cheeks and lips were like

The pair of eyes that looked at him from be-neath their fringed lashes were dark and bright

as stars.

The little laughing mouth disclosed a row of the whitest and most pearly of teeth.

Her hair was jetty black, curling in beautiful loose love rings over her forehead in a charmingly coquettish way, ending in two long heavy braids at the back, tied with erimson ribbon.

Denis Connor heard the old allver king say: "My daughter Pauline, Mr. Connor." He never remembered how he saknowledged the introduction, he only knew that this bright, beautiful young creature, so like a tropical bird, smiled at him, took a seat opposite him, then in the next moment forgot the presence of her father's new secretary altogether, while he—ah, the mischief was done? life would never again be the same to handsome Denis Connor.

was done? life would never again be the same to handsome Denis Connor.

During the next fortnight he became estiled in his new home, soon falling into the requirements of his position, and his zeal and energy pleased the silver king greatly.

He never had a secretary who was so much for his interest, he thought. He relieved his mind of every care possible, and Denis was so modest and unassuming, he commanded respect.

He never thought of his daughter in connection with the handsome young secretary, that it was a cruelty to him to be brought into contact with so bewitching a creature, for if he had a heart in his bosom it must perforce be drawn from him, despite his every effort to control it.

Before Denis Connor had been beneath the

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roof of Castle Royal a month he could conceal

the truth no longer from himself.

He loved Pauline Stanford with all the passionate strongth of his heart, and the force of the terrible passion was so strong, he was entirely unable to cope with it.

The next that has believed.

that lay behind seemed to be almost He did not dare to trust himself to The past that la forgotten. He did no think of the future.

The present was so full of dazzling joy to him, he did not stop to count the coat. He knew only one thing, and it was that he worshipped the

one thing, and it was that he worshipped the old silver king's daughter.

It was as foolish as though he had attempted to woo the moon and the stars. She was quite as far out of his reach and as far above him. He dared hardly adult to himself how madly he idolised her, but his heart and the strength of his manhood had gone from him. Day by day he became more engrossed in his love. He did not pause to consider what the end of it all would be, and that he was drifting slowly to his doom. Once the thought came to him of how alarmed his father and his old mother and Elia would be if they knew what had happened to

would be if they knew what had happened to him—that he dared to love the beautiful helress—he, her father's humble private secretary.

How he managed to work while ahe was under the same roof with him was a puzzle to him. If he heard her laugh or her voice in the corridor, in an adjoining room, or in the grounds, his pen would fall from his fingers and his face flush, and the blood course wildly through his vains. When Castle Royal was filled with guests, and

there were gentlemen among them—gentlemen who dared openly admire and aspire to the hand of Pauline, it seemed to him that he could acarcely endure it. To see the young man linger by her side, talk with her, drive with her, almost drove him distracted.

drove him distracted.

Life was one endless torture to the handsome young private secretary, whose heart had run away with his better judgment. Pauline was kind to the young secretary after her own imperious fashion, just as she was to every one connected with the house, but he was to her but a part and parcel of her father's library, as the books and the deaks, the maps and charts were. Further than this the beautiful, imperious young helesses never care him a thought.

Pursue than this the seattless, imperious young helross never gave him a thought.

On the afternoon in question, when Pauline had started out with the mettlesome horses to meet her father at the station, a great terror had

meet her in her at the station, a great terror had selzed him, for he knew the animals to be unsafe for her to bandle. He nerved himself to expostulate with her, but Pauline only laughed. "Do not distress yourself about me, Mr. Connor," she answered. "I have driven a four-in-hand when the horses were equally as mettle-some as these."

She had sprung into the carriage, grasped the ribbons, and was out of sight before he could

frame a reply.

He paced the floor in a fever of anxiety, counting the moments until it was time for her to

When the sound of carriage wheels and prancing hoofs assured him she was returning, he uttered a sigh of unutterable relief.

He watched for her as she crossed the wide verands and entered the house; then he bowed

his head in his hands and gave himself up to thoughts of Pauline.

thoughts of Pauline.

He must have sat there an hour or more. Slowly the sun sunk behind the long range of western mountains, and the dusk, which so quickly sets in, soon settled over the mining village, the valley, and Castle Royal.

The young secretary was aroused from his reverle by the entrance of Mr. Stanford, the

"What! all in the dark?" he exclaimed, as he saw the young man citting, with bowed head, in the semi-light of the broad bow-window.

a little ugly since the accident which happened just before you went away. On several occasions they threatened to quit work until those repairs were made, claiming that their lives were in momentary danger. I suppose you received the telegram I sent you, air, advising you to telegraph to Bute for skilled workmen to attend to the matter immediately! The workmen had to the matter immediately! The workmen to attend to the matter in mediately! The workmen, should have been here yesterday, but they have not yet put in an appearance; and, in consequence, there was almost a riot among the men, which I have had some difficulty in quelling."

Wilfrid Stanford, the silver king, sprang to his feet, trembling with excitement.

"Great heavens! Denis, I received your telegram, and I meant to attend to the matter without delay; but I—I met a party of friends, and, great Heaven! I forgot all about telegraphing to Bate in reference to the matter."

The words were scarcely utbered ere the sound of terrible shouts and cries fell upon the ear. With one accord the silver king and his secretary sprung to the window, neither daring to utter the thought that flashed through his mind.

The sight that met their game caused both faces to blanch white to the line. A column of a little ugly since the accident which happened

The sight that met their game caused both faces to blanch white to the lips. A column of advancing torches, in the hands of a maddened, riotous mob, dashed with the fury of a tornado of fire over the broad lawn that skirted Castle

Royal.

Nearer and nearer came the mob, like a raging sea—so pear that their cries fall loudly upon the ears of the almost paralyzed men who watched

Looking down upon the surging mass, Wilfred Stanford, the great silver king, realised that all his millions would not save him if he fell into the hands of the infuriated mob that each instant was pressing closer, calling for his blood.

CHAPTER III.

The uproar aroused all the servants. Not one of them dared step out and face the enraged multitude. The library door opened, and with a cry the young secretary never forgot, Pauline sprang to her father's side, and threw her white arms around his neck.

"Oh, pape, papa!" walled the girl, "is it true what the butier says, that the mob are crying,—'They have just had another accident down at the mine, and are coming to week their vengeance on you, and burn Castle Royal to the ground!"

The old silver king pressed his daughter tightly in his arms.

"Ah, Heaven! I fear it is but too true, child!" he cried, hoarsely, great heads of perspiration rolling like rain down his pallid face as he spoke. "The fault is mine. I—I forgot to send a telegram yesterday to have the mine repaired, and this is the outcome of it."

Nearer and nearer came the wild, howling multitude, clearing the fence with a bound, and dashing up the lawn with house cries as they waved thair flaming torches about with maddened

fury,
The old allver king saw and heard. He knew The old silver king saw and heard. He knew but too well the nature of the men whose distorted features were so clearly revealed by the red glare of the torches which rendered every object clearly visible, and be trembled like a leaf. What where his handful of servants when pitted against a mob of brawny, determined men? And he graw fairly paralyzed with terror when he saw that the foremost among them carried a long rope with a noose at one end of it.

They passed directly before the great cak-tree on the lawh, but a taw rods from the window where he stood like one paralyzed, and three one

where he stood like one paralyzed, and threw one end of it over one of its sturdy limbs.

the semi-light of the broad bow-window.

Deals Connor started. What would Mr.

Standford think, he wondered, if he know of whom he had been day-dreaming.

"How is everything going on at the mines?" asked the allver king, throwing himself down in a cosy arm-chair opposite the secretary.

"The work, air, seems to be progressing as favourably as you could wish; but the men are

"Oh, papa!" cried the girl, in mortal terror, have you forgotten me? I—I should die or go "have you forgotten me? I—I should die or go mad it anything happened to you!" Father and daughter clasped each other and wept aloud.

wept aloud.

The din of volces grew louder and more uproarious outside, ending in deafening yells.

Another instant and the great caken door of the
entrance-hall fell in with a thunderous crash,
burst into a thousand pieces as is went down.

Denis Connor had looked and listened with a
face white as death. All this had occupied but a
few moments of time, but an eternity of horroseemed crowded into it.

"If you die, papa—hear me!" cried the girl—
"If you die, papa—hear me!" cried the girl—
"If you die, ere the day dawns I will kill myesif.
Iswear it!"

Those words aroused Denis Connor as nothing
else in the world could have done. Like a flash

Those words aroused Denis Connor as nothing else in the world could have done. Like a flash an inspiration came to him—he would save Pauline's father if it lay within human power, ay, he would die for him if need be—for her cake.

"Stay where you are until I come back to you," he said, hearsely, to Mr. Stanford, "I—I am going to try to save you."

Pauline heard the words, and the expression of joy that shot from her tear dimmed eyes, and the cry of gratitude that broke from her lips, nerved him on to execute the hazardous plan he had laid out for himself.

Like a flash the young secretary disappeared.

had laid out for himself.

Like a flash the young secretary disappeared from the library, dashed down the marble corridor, and met the mob on the threshold of the broad door which they had battered in.

"Gentlemen," he cried, in a loud, commanding voice, "hear me. I have something to say to every man of you which it is your duty to hear. Stay your hands for one brief moment of time, then I leave it to you to do as you will."

Dents Connor had groung upon the railing of the porch, towering thus head and shoulders over the mob, so that they could not help but see and hear him.

There was something in that deep, sonorous voice calling to them that forced them to pause for an instant and listen in spite of themselves. "Gentlemen," orled Denis Connor, "I hear what you are saying. There has been another accident at the mine."

what you are saying. There has been another accident at the mine."

"Ap!" shouled a hundred or more voices, "another miner lies dead at the bottom of the shaft that Wilfrid Stanford did not tend to the mending of yesterday, and his wife is meaning and weeping like mad at the mouth of the pit, with her little children clinging to her shirts, mingling their tears with hers, and calling out their father's name as they atretch out their hands toward the yawning black abyes that enterths him."

"Bring out Wilfrid Stanford, the owner of the mine, and give him into our hands !" yelled the mob, afresh.

mine, and give him into our hands? "yeard the mob, afreah.

"Gentlemen," cried the young secretary, "you must hear what I have to say to you. The fault of to-night's disaster lies at my door, not Mr. Stanford's. He left the matter in my charge during his absence. In the great rush of business I unfortunately made a mistake in setting down the date when the men were to begin repairing the shaft. I put it down for next Mouday morning instead of ordering it to be begun last Monday. Hark, my men, I am not yet through. A few words more, and then I shall deliver myself into your hands, to face whatever fate you may decide upon: If I could give my heart's blood to bring the poor fellow lying dead at the bottom of the mins, I would gladly do it. I am going down into the mine to bring up his body be you. Where he was brave enough to go, I shall be brave snough to follow, though it be into the jaws of death!"

His words, the power and the eloquence with

jaws of death!"

His words, the power and the cloquence with which they were attered, attered the crowd as a strong wind stirs the mighty waves of the cosm. Denis Connor sprung into their midst, and they closed in around him.

The matter had taken such a sudden turn that for a moment they were nonplussed, and before they could recover themselves, the young secretary was striding toward the mine, and, as if compelled by his superior will, the crowd surged after him.

Down the long gravelled walk and down the wide, winding, serpendine road that led to the village below, Denis Counce hastened with firm, springs step, until the mouth of the mine was reached. Here he paused and faced the mob. He beard the lond volces of the excited miners on all sides of him, but paid no heed to what they were

sides of him, but paid no heed to what they were caying.

"Gentlemen." he cried, raising his voice above the din, "I am going down to bring the body of your dead courade up to you, if I am spared to go down and raturn without meeting his fate. If I share his fate, your vengeance will be appeared; if I am spared to bring him up and place him on the greensward at your feat, I give myself after that into your hands, to deal with me as you shall decide. Whatever it may be, I will make no murmur against you."

Men who had shouted but a moment before to kill him on the spot crowded nearer to him, forced to admire his splendid courage. Surely a man who could face death calmly like this was no coward, no poltroom. Seen the wife of the miner lying dead at the bottom of the pit, who had been crying out for vengeance, came slowly forward, asying huskily.

saying huskily, I believe this young man's word—that the "I believe this young man's word—that the fallure in attending to repair the shaft was not wilful negligence. I believe, somehows what ha anys—that the matter was left to him, and it was a case of fatal forgetfulness on his part, which he would give his life to undo. I am the one bereaved by the accident, and I say it is useless to allow another life to be sacrificed when it cannot help what has been done."

A murmum ran through the great throne of

another life to be sacrifieed when it cannot help what has been done."

A murmur can through the great throng of miners gathered around the yawning mouth of the pit, and their stern, determined faces and flashing eyes, under the red glare of hundreds of terches, would have made any other heart than that of Danis Connor quake with fear.

He was thinking of Pauline. He was standing there, facing that maddened throng, saying to himself that if he died she would surely know, her father would tell her, that it was for his care his young secretary had died, that he had given up his life for him, and when they asked each other why he had made so terrible a sarifice, surely some voice in their hearts would tell them the truth—that it was for the daughter's sake—because of his love for her. It was avent to die for her sake.

He breathed a prayer for the poor old father mote support and prop he had meant to be in the old man's declining years, of the white haired, patient old mother whose heart was wrapped up in har only son—her noble boy, as she called him.

And Ella—neer little Ella—where he about deshould.

And Ella—poor little Ella, whom he should have tried to live to protect—Ella, the fragile, delicate young girl who would be alone in the great, cold, cruel world when the old folks passed away—He dared not follow that thought lest his courage about formake him.

Ourage should forsake him.

Without a fervent good bye to the memory of the dear ones in the humble little home so far away—the loved ones who were perhaps thinking of him as that terrible mement, or speaking of him with laughing voices—Denis Connor turned resolutely away and faged the fats he had marked out for himself, to prove beyond words his devotion to the ido! to whom he dared not breathe the love that consumed him.

tion to the idol to whom he dared not breathe the love that communed him.

On the brink of the black, yawning pit he paused, not from terror—he had hurled out all lear from his heart—but to grasp with firm hand the swinging rope of the cage in which he was to descend to the black, yawning depths below. One allp of the rope from those pulleys which held it in place, and it would mean instant death, the wired cage would shoot downward with the rapidity of a lightning flash, striking the jagged rocks on either aide in its descent, and if it brike—Ah well, before he dould breathe a prayer, atthe a cry, his soul would be hurled into eternity. He would be another victim to the fatal number of disasters which were laid at the haughty silver king's door for neglecting to keep the mine in perfect repair.

A source of heave voices called out to him to stop.

He heard a great commotion over the wild

babel and din of voices. If he had but heeded them and turned his head, he would have seen Pauline Stanford flying down the mountain path, and would have heard her voice crying out to him to pause one moment for the love of

The tunuit around him drowned har voice. He grasped the rope with an iron grip, swung over the yawning ledge, and the next instant was shooting through the terrible darkness towards the bottom of the mine.

CHAPTER IV.

The excitement was so great around the mouth of the great dark, yawning pit down which the young secretary had disappeared, and around which the miners were gathered, that the voice of Pauline Stanford could not be heard over the din

They were not aware of her presence until she dashed breathlessly among them.

"Stop him ! stop Mr. Connor," she panted,
"Do not let him go down into the mine—"
The words were cut short with a sobbing cry,
"It is too late," answered a dozen or more minere simultaneously. "He has already gone down."

down."

"Then he has already met the fate of the poor fellow who lies at the bottom of the shaft!" moaned the girl, wringing har hands.

"That does not necessarily follow," answered one of the men. "Fate may apare him. If he lived to reach the bottom he was to let us know by the twitching of the rope; that would be a signal for us to draw him up."

"And no such signal has been received by the men!"

"No," they reluctantly admitted.

"Then let search be made for him at once !"
cried the silver king's daughter. "A thousand

cried the silver king's daughter. "A thousand pounds to the man who will go down and try to save him if he is lying there wounded!"

"All the money in the world would not tempt a man here to undertake such a hazardous thing," declared a score or more of the miners. "Not a man of us will ever venture down the treacherous mine again until after it has been thoroughly repaired. Enough lives have been lost; lot this one end it."

"to converge a more one in 10.

"I command some one to go down and see!"
cried Pauline, with a bitter cry, as she looked
around among the dark, frowning faces about

her.

No one answered as the girl looked in angulab from one face to another, and a terrible allence fell ovar them that seemed to her the length of eternity. Five awful minutes passed, ten, another five, then a shout of joy went up from the threats of a score of miners who were pressing around the pit in intense suspense.

"There is a twitching of the rope!" they cried, simultaneously. "He is not dead——"
Then they stopped short and looked at each other, not during to finish the sentence that was uppermost in each heart—that perhaps he lay mortally wounded at the bottom of the shaft.

The next instant there was a more vigorous ting at the rope, and the troubled countenances of the men cleared.

"That is the signal for us to draw him up,"

of the men cleared.

"That is the signal for us to draw him up," said one of the miners, turning to Fauline, the silver king's daughter, who had made her way hurricely to the spot where the men stood.

A score or more of willing hands bent quirkly to the spot where the men stood.

A score or more of willing hands bent quirkly to the task. They could hear the heavy iron cage hit from side to side with a thud that threatened to demolish it with every revolution of the large wheel that held the rope. Them canticulty, oh, so cautiously, the cage was lifted inch by inch, the men's faces whitening with apprehension as they noticed the great strain on the treacherous rope, which therestened each instant to map in twain and dash the heavy cage hundreds of feet down to destruction.

Five minutes, and still another five, that seemed to measure the length of years, and the cage arcse to the level of the outer world.

Another moment and it was on term-firms.

Denis Comor swung back the iron staple.

which held the door in place and aprung out

nong them. Then they saw that he held a dark, limp figure.

Then they saw that he held a dark, limp figure in his strong, stalwart arms.

Before they could utter an expression of delight at his miraculous escape from the death which the last man had met who had dared entar the mine, his voice rose loud and clear above the din and confusion.—

"Gentlemen—friends!" he cried, joyously, "I have wonderful news for you. Listen, and try to realize what I am about to eay to you. Hear me! Your comrade is not dead. He was lying at the bottom of the shaft, where he had fallen out of the cage, stunned. There are no bones broken. He has simply fainted from very joy upon learning that relief was at hand."

The wild cheers of delight that broke from the hundreds of dark-browed miners echoed and re-schoed the whole length of the deep valley, and seemed to ascend and pierce the very clouds that drifted above their heads.

Not one of the men gathered there ever forgot how the poor woman who had supposed herself a widow an hour before knelt before the hand-some young secretary, blessing him with prayers

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and tears, and how she held up her little ones to touch his face, and the tumultuous happiness that followed when the husband and father regained consciousne

The men who had clamoured so loudly for Denis Connor's blood but a short half hour before were now anxious to pay him all the devotion and homage in their power—even to carry-ing him through the streets of the village on their shoulders.

He had risked his own life to secure the body of one of their fellow-miners, and lo ! he had, as if almost by magic, restored their companion to them unbarmed.

Through the tumult the heroic young secretary only heard and saw one thing—beautiful Pauline Stanford making her way to his side, holding out her slim hand to him, her dark eyes bright with unshed tears.

eyes bright with unshed tears.

"Mr. Connor," she said, in that fatally musical voice of her's that always thrilled him to the very depths of his soul, "I thank you for what you have done this night. I shall never forget it. I——shall always be indebted to you. Will you take me back to the house, and ask the miners to please make room for us! My father is waiting in the library."

The men parted right and left, standing with their heads bared to the winds of heaven, as he massed among them.

passed among them.

Denis Connor walked on, with Pauline by his side, like one in a dream. The little hand had lain one moment in his. He could almost have imagined that the earth would open to swallow him, as that anything so wonderful as that could happen outside of his day-dreams and longings. She had raised her eyes to his, and the light of the stars seemed to have passed into them, almost blinding him by their brilliancy. At tast they found themselves alone by the great arched gate.

"Do you mind if I do not accompany you across the lawn to the porch!" he asked, abruptly, "I—I cannot go to the house just now. I should like to stand out here under the trees, and—and think," "About it (Cond.

"As you wish, Mr. Connor," she said. "Good-night, and—and—I thank you again with all my

night, and—and—I thank you again with all my heart for saving papa."

She passed quickly up the broad walk, under the shadows of the great over-arching trees, and the next moment she was lost to sight, and all the light of the stars seemed to go with her, leaving the world behind her cold, grey, and desolate.

desolate.

Denis had been under the roof of Castle Royal for many weeks. He had worshipped Pauline, the old silver king's lovely daughter, from afar, as the hapless moth worships the dazsling flame. He did not have much opportunity for thought. Mr. Stanford joined him in a moment later under the trees and he could see that the hauship old. Mr. Stanford joined him in a moment later under the trees, and he could see that the haughty old silver king was trembling with suppressed emo-tion. He wrung the young secretary's hand in an earnest, strong grasp.

an earnest, strong grasp.

"Mr. Connor," he said, in a deep, husky voice,
"you have done for me this night what no other
being on the face of the earth would have done,
even for double his weight in silver. My gratitude towards you shall never cease. You have
saved my life by taking the responsibility of the
unrepaired shaft upon your own shoulders. You
risked your own life to appease the wild rage of
the mob who wanted vengeance. That you have
returned alive is almost a miracle. I shall make
you a rich man for life. Ask anything in reason
of me and your request shall be granted. At the
end of the year I shall take you into the mine as
junior partner."

junior partner."

Denis Connor sighed. He wondered what the

Denis Connor sighed. He wondered what the old silver king would say if he knew that the dearest—ah, the wild wish of his heart was to be near fair Pauline, to live for her, to die for her.

"You are vary kind, sir," he murmured, brokenly. "I will do my best to prove to you—if you think me worthy of promotion at any future time—that I am entitled to your considerer."

"Henceforth you shall be as a son to me instead of a private accretary. I can say no more to-night. What you have done for me will not be

known to the cutside world, but the memory of it will always live in Pauline's heart and mina."

They walked to the house together, and parted in a silence which was to both more eloquent than words, the silver king to reflect over what a marrow escape he had had from the hands of the violent mob, and Denis Connor to sit at his open window until the day dawned pink and golden in the eastern sky, thinking of Pauline, and looking down at his own strong white hand, as if he could feel the clasp of the soft angers that had lain one brief instant in that broad paim. He said to himself both the silver king and Pauline must have fell the truth, although they had not told him so in words—that he loved Pauline, and he had saved her father's life for her dear sake. Yes, he loved Pauline madity, grandly, passionately, and sitting there he thought of the lines:

""Tie love, alse I that racks my weary brain."

"Tie love, also ! that racks my weary brain.

At daylight Denis Connor flung himself down At daylight Deals Connor flung himself down on his couch to snatch an hour or two of sleep before the breakfast-bell rang, but even in his dreams a dark, laughing, dimpled face, and cheeks that rivalled the bloom of the great orimson roses tapping against the window-pane, floated through his vision. Again he held that little hand in his, the dark eyes were looking up at him, and he was content—sy, so happy, that when he awakened, a long sigh broke from his lips. He wished that dream could have lasted for even.

(To be continued.)

THE CROOKED SPECTACLES.

An elf lived in a buttercup, And walking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles
And stepped out on the lawn.
"Dear me," sa'd he,

"I scarce can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly !"

He met a merry bumble-bee
Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good morning t" in his ear,
"It is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumble-bee,
Until you trim your wings t" cried be.

He met a gallant grasshopper, And thus accosted him: "Why don't you wear your green coat atraight.
And look in better trim

It frets me qui e, In such a plight."
To have you field folk in my eight."

He saw au airy dragon fly
Float o'er the meadow rafi.
"Pray, atop. Sir Dragon fly 1" he cried;
"So upside down you sall,
The sight will make My poor head ache; Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl upon the tree
Blinked his great, staring eye;
"To folk in crooked spectaclee
The whole world looks awry!

To-what! To-whee! To-whoo!" said he, "Many such folk I've lived to see."

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FACETLE.

"Do you go to school, my little man i" asked the amiling visitor. "No," drawled the hopeful. "I'm sent."

Nalz: "I wouldn't like to be in your shoes." Belle: "No; they'd pinch you frightfully, wouldn't they?"

MES. WELLMENT: "Poor fellow! Have you no friend?" Beggar (sobbingly): "No, leddy; I hain't got nuthin' but relatives."

Hz: "You can't impose on me; there are no fools in our family." She: "Sir, you forget yourself!"

NEVAR make love in a cornfield. Corn has cars, and is easily shocked. You should make an oat of this.

"What is it to fish?" he repeated. "Oh, you just sit and sit all day long." "And then?" "And then you lie."

"What is your profession?" "I writepoems, novels, romances, plays, &c." "And what do you live on?"

A: "Have you heard the eight-year-old violin-player who is creating such a semastion?" E.: "Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago."

"It is a pity," said an Irish labourer the other day, as he warmed his hands; "It is a pity that we can't have the cowld weather in the summer, and the hot weather in the winter."

His Handry.—Bertha: "What is the height of your ambition, dear?" Marie (blushing): "Oh, something between five-and-a-half and six feet."

HE (cantiously): "If I should propose, would you say 'Yes!" She (atil more cautiously): "If you were sure that I should say 'Yes,' would you propose!"

"It's your wife at the telephone," said the office-boy. "Tell her I'm out for the afternoon."
"He says I'm to tell you he's out for the afternoon, mum."

VIOLET: "So your uncle was ninety years old at the time of his death? Was he of sound mind when he died?" Jack: "I really can't say. The will has not been opened yet."

CHOLLY SHY: "I say, I proposed to a girl last night," Dick Oldboy: "The mischlet you did! What did she say!" Cholly Shy: "She-duddud-didn't hear me."

LITTLE EDDIE: "Papa's the captain of our ahip, and mamma's the pilot." Teacher: "And what are you!" Eddie: "I'm the compass, I suppose. They are always boxing me!"

Cousin Tom: "Well, Uncle John, did you witness the Surrey v. Yorkshire match from the grand stand?" Uncle Countrided: "Well, I suppose that wer about the size of it. I had ter stand for two hours."

"That Miss Highgear has a dreadful temper. Some careless fellow ran against her yesterday, and she presented a hatpin at him as quick as a flash." "Did she stab him?" "No; she stabbed his tyre!"

HERRY: "Talk about general information, I ahould like to know of a subject that Mr. Janker cannot talk upon." Uncle George: "So should I. That is the subject we'd always bring up whenever Janker was present."

MES. BRICARRAC: "Oh, mercy, Bridget t how could you have broken that precious wase! It was four hundred years old." Bridget (ca'mly): "Oh, if it was an ould thing like that, yez can take it out ay me next week's wage."

"Yas," said the girl who collecte, "it is one of the best autographs in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" saked her friend. "Positive. I cut it with my own hands from a telegram his wife received from him."

VERY STOUT LADY (watching the lions fed):
"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece
o' meat for each a big animal." Attendant (with
the most appendous show of politeness): "I
a'pose it does seem like a little meat to you,
ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

MR. Sickly: "Now, doctor, tell me-candidly, in what condition do you find my lungs!" Dr. Soonover: "They are in pretty bad shape, but there is no danger of their not lasting as long as you live."

"I saw your mother going to the neighbours as I crossed the street. When will she be home?" asked the lady visitor. "She said she'd be back just's soon as you left," answered truthful Jimmy.

ETHEL: "That detestable Mrs. Brown said that I looked thirty!" Maud: "How perfectly absurd!" Ethel (clated): "Frankly now, how old do you really think I look!" Maud: "About forty."

"JOHN, John! Do go and see to the baby; he's crying. There must be something the matter with him!" Three years later. "John! Do see where the baby is. He's been so still for the last half-hour, that there must be something the matter with him!"

"OLD man, you seem worried." "Worrid is no name for it. Brown is coming round at 4 o'clock to pay me £15." "Think he may not came!" "Oh, he'll come all right; but Jones is due at 415 to try to collect £10 I owe him. Suppose he should get here just as I was being paid by Rrown!"

The dramatist, Richard Lalor Shiel, was an Irishman with all the Hibernian gift for perpetuating bulls. He was present one day, at the rehearsal of a play in which Young was playing the hero, and not liking the actor's interpretation of a certain point in the dialogue, exclaimed, "There, Mr. Young, you must draw your sword and find you have not got it."

"THERE's no use in trying to get away from the solemn fact," said the dreamy-sped young man; "the new woman is a most practical and unsoulful creature." "What makes you think so?" "I told Miss Sweeting that she had inspired some of my best poems." "What did she say to that?" "Nothing. She wrote to my publishers for a percentage on the royalties."

TWENTIETH CENTURY LOVE SCENE.—Suitor:

"Ah, dearest Irms, what costsy liss in this sweet
passion of love, which makes the heart flutter
and the pulse beat faster!" Irms (recent graduate
of a medical school, seizing his hand); "Ha,
villain! You are deceiving me! Your pulse is
quite normal—only seventy-two. Begone!"

"I non't think very much of him," said thegirl in the dazzling allk dress. "Why, I thought
I saw him throwing kisses to you on the beach,"
expostulated the girl in green. "You did. That
is why I say I don't think much of him. He
isn't as strong mentally as I should like a man tobe," "I don't quite follow you," "Why, think
of the absurdity and the waste of energy in
throwing from a distance what ought to havebeen delivered in person."

A TEACHER was asking a class of schoolboys questions on history. "Tell me, boys, who reigned before Queen Victoria?" No one could answer. "Very well," said the master, "I will give you till to-morrow to find me the answer." Next day he asked the same question. For a few minutes no one answered, until suddenly the smallest boy put out his hand. Thereupon the teacher said: "Are you not ashamed of yourselves that the smallest boy in the class should beat you all? Now then, Johnny, what have you got to say?" "Please, sir, Jamie Dow's stickin' peens in me?"

A MARIVE of Cumberland, who was the very mouthplace of aloquance in his own country, visited London about half a century ago. When there he inquired at a shoemaker's shop for a pair of small shoes for his little girl at home, with pink heels, pointed toes, and cropt straps for clasps, which he expressed in the following provincial dialect: "I pray yee noo, han yee gatten any neatly, feety shoen, posinted toen, pink'd at heel and cropped strops for clopses?" "Sir," answered the shopkeeper, "what's that you say?" "Why, I pray yee noo" (repeats as before). "The family who speak French," said the shoe maker, "live next door."

ALL SUFFERERS

FROM

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SOCIETY.

THERE will be great doings at Copenhagen on September 4th, when Prince Christian, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, will be married to the Duchess Alexandrice of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Prince Charles of Norway and Sweden will take to the altar Princess Ingeborg.

The German Emperor and Empress, with the King and Queen of Italy and a suite of one hun-dred and fifty people, intend to pay a visit to Wiesbaden in September, when there is to be a gala performance as the new theatre. Great preparations are being made at the Royal Schloss for the reception of their Majestics.

THE poor Queen of Naples, whose sorrow at the tragic death of her slater, the late Duchesse d'Alençon, in the Paris Charity Bassar fire, is as polgrant as ever, has left her new and beautiful house near the Bois to seek a change of scene at Boulogne-sur-Mer. She is now fifty-five years of age, but, from the eligibness and delicacy of her form appears much younger. Queen Marie possessos an exquisite crown or laurel wreath in old, sent to her by a bovy of admiring ladies as tribute of affection and appreciation of her noble conduct during the slege of Gueta. each leaf is inscribed the name of a donor.

THE Queen recently purchased a small estate on the banks of the Thames at Datchel. At present there is a towing path on one side of the river for the use of horses engaged in towing barges or other craft up or down. In these days this work is mainly done by steam tugs, but still there is a certain amount of old-fashloued horse-towing, therefore the path must be maintained. Along the Datchet Reach the towing-sath is on the Barks side. path is on the Berks side—that is, opposite the village—and runs along the edge of the Home Park. This Park is, of course, private, and the Queen frequently drives through it by the waterside. The existence of the towpath destroys the absolute privacy of the Park, and it cannot be pleasant for Her Majesty to notice the horses and barges, even though they may not be very sourceous. It is believed that Sandles has been purchased by the Queen with the object in view of so altering the bank as to make it available for towing, and thus it is hoped the towpath may be transferred from the Home Park to the Datchet shore.

THE Royal yacht Osborne will go to Belfast in order that she may convey the Duke and Duchess of York to Glasgow when they leave Mount Shewart on the evening of Wednesday, September Sth. The Osborne will arrive in the Clyde early on the morning of Thursday, the 9th, and she is to proceed up the river to the new docks at ssnock, which will be formally opened by the Duke of York. The Royal party will then go to Gissgow, where there is to be a luncheon in the City Chambers, after which the Duke will lay the foundation stone of the new Art Gallery lay the foundation atone of the new Art Gallery in the West Park, and a flying visit is to be paid to the University. The Dake and Duchess of York will leave Glasgow about five o'cleek by special train for Dalmeny, where they are to be the guests of Lord Rosebecy for a few days. On leaving Dalmeny the Duke and Duchess will proceed northwards for about a month, and they are to be the guests of the Queen at Balmoral, of the Duke and Duchess of Fig. at Mar Lodge, and of Lord and Lady Tweedmouth at Guisachan House, Inventess-shire.

Fon the first time since the birth of the little Princess Victoria of York, the Dachem of York and her children have been enabled to vielt White Lodge. It is always a great delight to the Duchess to be back amid the seenes of her childhood, and little Prince E tward has a delightful line at White Lodge, where he is petted by every body. The baby was a great attraction this time, for although has in an observe the sale great state. although she is no longer the only granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, yet she claims she distinction of being their first granddaughter, and har resemblance to Princest Mary is said to be quite remarkable.

STATISTICS.

The record of the largest number of notes atruck by a musician in twelve hours is said to have been made by a well-known player, who struck 1,030,300 notes.

JAVA has thunderstorms, on an average, 97 days in the year; Italy, 58; Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; France and Austria, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Great Britain and the high Swiss mountains, 7; and Norway, 4.

Swiss mountains, 7; and Norway, 4.

An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen loches; whilst that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

The territory composing Western Australis, according to the latest computation, covers nearly 1,000,000 square miles, and constitutes about one-third of the Australian continent. The area of this single colony is larger than that of eight leading countries in Europe com-

GEMS.

He who dines on Vanity will soon sup on

Thank are stronger natures among us who write their names and purposes on the blank pages of the weaker lives about them.

The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all the human virtues forces and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

A MAN who knows the world will not buly make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to axhibit his erudition.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

FRED CATMEAN.—Slice up cold, cocked cat-meal, then fry in a listle hos lard, or dip in beaten eggs salted to taste, then in bread or cracker crumbs, and drop in hot lard like dough nuts.

Bakan OMELETS.—Heat three cups of mills, meiting in it a bit of butter the size of a wainut. Beat well together five eggs, one tablespoonful of dour, and a count teaspoonful of salt, and add to the hot milk, attering as rapidly as possible. Turn into a hot, well-buttered frying pan, and bake in a quick over one-quarter of an hour.

ATTE DAMDES —Pare five large tart apples, remove cores and fill the cavities with grape or quince jelly. Arrange on an earthen pie-plate, sprinkle the apples thickly with powdered sugar, and strew over them grated occount. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven till tender. Serve with whipped cream.

HORSECOME PUDDINGS—Half a cup of flour, half a cup of euger, half a cup of butter, half a pint of treacle, one tempoontul of soda, four eggs, half a cup of milk. Mix the flour and sugar together, add the milk, melt the butter and add it, then the eggs wall beaten, and the treacle and soda, beaten together. Bake twenty with the control of the control minutes.

Givers Berr.—One ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce ginger (oruised), one pound loaf sugar, one lemon, one gallon of boiling water. Ont the lemon in slices, put the ingredients all together in a pan and pour the boiling water over them. Let the beer stand until coid; bottle it, leaving the ediment at the bottom; tie down the corks and set the bottles in the aur. In hot weather it will be ready to drink in three or four days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE crow flies at the rate of 25 miles an hour. THERE are three habitual criminals in London to every two policemen.

THE salaries of the Queen's Household amount £131,260 a year.

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to the population than in any other country.

ALTHOUGH Japan has three thousand miles of rallway, there are still over one million man in that country serving as beasts of burden on ruch roads as the country affords.

PROBABLY the Char's elder daughter, the little Grand Duchess Olga, is the richest baby in the world. Directly after her birth her father settled £1,000,000 upon her, a large portion of which he invested in British securities.

The champion shearer of Australia for the past season is a man named Palley, who has broken the record by shearing \$3,325 sheep. Record breaking in this line is not a barren honour, for Palley's earnings for the season came to £338 15s.

Ax ordinary man can asy everything that any occasion calls for with a vocabulary of 1,000 words. Of these he generally uses only 100 or 500, using the remainder when an idea out of the usual line of thought occurs to him. Most of us being only ordinary man, seidom draw upon the surplus 500 words.

Quirt a number of instances have been known of whales, porpolase, and other inhabitants of the ocean, that had a positively embarrataing fondness for human society. Thus, up to 1881, a certain porpolas, familiarly known as "Bob," was a constant attendant on ships passing the coast of Florida.

A Graman inventor has patented a device for preventing collisions between ships, which consists of a telescope jib extending out in front of the versel. This slides inward when touched by any object, and completes an electric circuit to reverse the engines and turn the rudder to sites the course of the ship.

The cophone is a recent invention by which the presence of a ship within a reasonable number of miles may be discovered solely and satisfy by the noise on board. Curiously enough, the sounds in the immediate vicinity of the instrument are not recorded. Signals, however, made by the beat of a drum, or she blowing of a bugle, can be heard at a great distance.

From the top of the cathedral spire in Maxico.

FROM the top of the cathedral spire in Mexico From the top of the cathedral spire in Maxico the entire city cin be seen, and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Maxico, not a grate nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the gooking is done with chargoal in Dutch owens, and while the gas is sometimes offensive, the visitor soon becomes used to it.

A STRIKING Illustration of the influen

A STRIKING illustration of the influence of fatigue upon the nervous system is afforded by the results of experiments just carried out by Professor Meldalani. Twenty four bicycle ricers, who had ridden \$2 miles in two hours, were examined with reference to their hearing, and were in nearly every instance found to be defective. After two hours, cert the hearing had become normal in most of them.

Four American millionaires have recently had made in Sheffield, England, steel vests and coats which are warranted to secure them immunity from death in ordinary cases of attempts at assazination. The armour is of chain mail, so light that when one has worn if a week or two it is no incumbrance to him and strong enough to turn a dagger or sword thrust, though it would not stop a balle.

a bulle.

One of the most extraordinary puzzles that contront naturalists is the remarkable affect dilmate, soil, food, or surroundings have upon animals. Builtinches fed on hempesed turn quite black; Beigian horses kept in coat-mines for several years loss their natural cost, and become covered with soft, thick far like a mole. The Thibet mastiff, who in his native highlands is protected from the cold by heavy wool, loses it on being brought down to the plains.

MOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Manor.—Yours are competition questions.

Jan.—A week's notice if it is a weekly hiring.

Ear.—It the will is not signed it is of no force.

Journe Brown.-If in the day-time wear a frock-

-The agreement can be stamped after sign

R. T.—In using observious of any kind always careful.

Barrannia. - Great Britain has the strongest navy in the world.

PATTIE -It was the Fictoric that was sunk with Admiral Tryon. F. E.-Pind out their headquarters and use carbolic and boiling water.

Discourant.— The executors cannot be changed, except y appointment of the Coura.

CHURCH Mouse —You must have them carefully samined by a skilful oculist.

Torsy.—Rub their edges well with hard scap, will much reduce their roughness.

ONLOCKER - You might call equalizably, not too quently, and watch developments.

Conso.—The greatest commercial centre not only in. Great Britain but in the world is London.

Currous.—If is considered necessary to check mis-takes in entaring on the office paying in shoots.

Ton.—You probably require to wear an instrumenthis can only be ascertained by a careful examination.

BEETL'S LOVER.—If promise of marriage can be roved there will be ground for an action for damages.

L. W.—There would be no use in going to law with-out far stronger wildence than that which you set forth. REBELIZOTS.—A girl of mineteen is not obliged to remain at home if she prefers to go out and early here own

Is Wast or Hurz.—Quite impensible for us to form any opinion without knowing all the circumstances of the case.

BELLE OF THE BALL -Hold face over bowl of belli

A VILLAGE MAID.—Unless you have evidence of the alleged promise, it would be a very weak case to take into court.

JUNIERS.—We do not think there is any well suit shot record of a sovereign having reigned longer usen Victoria.

SEA BREEZES.—Probably the most modern seeside reserve is Bournemouth, which was practically unbeard of sixty-five years ago.

Winacan.—Her Majesty is understood to revise all despatches sent to dereign Governments. They are signed by the Secretary of State.

Roven.—The largest bird in the world is the conder. Conders with a spread of wing of eighteen to twenty feet have been shot in the Andes.

TROUBLEM.—If there is no will, the widow takes one-third of the personal property, and the rest must be divided equally amongst all the children.

T. A. T.—There are several in Heavens, in Turkey (Asia Minor), and there is also a valuable mine in the lelend of Naras in the Greek Archipelago. Hyddus.—Chaik is composed of fossils. If you take the thiest bit, and place it under a powerful miscro-scope, you will see an infinite number of extremely diminuity shells.

Makens.—We have nover heard of a herb of the name you merition. Balm is obtained from a variety of herbs, and, as the word implies, is used for eintenents and the allaying of pain generally.

LARYBONES.—Without an expenditure of faculty, of labour, of valuant personal endeavour, there is no possibility of progress or advancement in any of the paths of acoust or individual well-being.

N. S.—"N.S." marked on a cheque means "
aufficient," or perhaps that all the money to the cre
of the drawer has been drawn out, and the bank has
funds in hand to meet the draft.

HAPLES AREEL—It is questionable whether you would do well for the sake of reforming him, for if a want o cannot be steady for the sake of the giel he loves, it is most unlikely that he will be better after marriage. PER.—Set traps for them by smearing lard on plates. Put flat sticks round the plates to act as ladders. When a good number are caught, hold the plate over the fire, and they will fall in with the melting lard. Reset the relates. good no nd they

Massox.—Often very rish cream will not whip up readily; it should have a little milk added to it. Cream should be very cold to whip easily and quickly. If it is well chilled there is not the danger of the cream whipping to butter.

Occaser. Fleet-street and Strand constitute the mainest thoroughters in the world; it is so busy, in fact, that a hundred times a day it somes altograther to a tandstill in consequence of the ever accumulating raffic being unable to proceed.

WORNERS MOTHER.—You may write to the War Office If you like, stating any faces that seem to you to justify the finmediate release of your son; but we do not for a moment believe you will get him away uttil his seven years at least with the colours have expired.

WOULD BE SPROULATOR.—Bilds to you: business, and do not permit yourself to be drawn off by seaming chances to make brilliant speculations. One reverse would sweep away everything you possess, and work than that is the meral effect of indulging in apecula-

Horrass.—A pineapple ice, or gelatine cream with ineapple served in the shell of the fruit is extremely scorative. Out a cover from the top, with the central aves. Dig out the fruit with a sharp knife leaving the own uninjured. Put extra leaves from another fruit

RUTH.—Your caps should be sent to a professional distance, any attempt by yourself to get the soct spots out which the rath has raide would just route in usalghily blotches using exasted; you may if you like try success with a little benzine upon the least occupienous part, and if you succeed continue the process.

MY LITTLE ONE

Truns are days and days, little one. Some full of cloudy weather, Some full of sun;
Some full of sun;
Some full of happy memories,
Like diamonds set
In the dail old gold of the days
You are wishing to forget.

And over all, sizm duty mocks
At work that is never done;
I long to know how you will bear
Them til, -these day, -my little one;
Wil they faiter, the weary feet,
As day and night, and day ally by
On wings that are so feet,
Till you have trod the whole long way?

And will the promised rest
Beyond the Fortal Gato
Seem, indeed, the Heaven
As you shand and wait?
Or will your restless soul
Turn back adown the way,
To gather up the treasures
You have dropped from day to day?

Ah, well! There are days used days, little one! Some full of cloudy weather, Some full of sun; And I know that He who loves you Will keep you, little one!

Limite.—Rise water makes a refreshing drink. Wash three courses of rice in several waters, and then gut into a stewpan with a quart of water and one ounce of raisins; bull gently for half an hour; strain through a coarse hair sieve into a jug, and when cold, drink plen-tifully.

PURELED.—Those who are fond of displaying their knowledge on subjects of which others profess to be ignorant, should be cantious; for those who have dignity and candour enough to confess their own ignorance, you may be assured will have discrimination enough to detect the ignorance of others.

JEANTE DEASE,—If really choice parts of the meat are off they may be out tate small lifts and warmed in a little very hot latter, being turned almost constantly, o that they will brown without burning. A dust of sepper and a phash of sait, if required, and the smallest mostile dust of curry powder may be added if one ancies it.

Paut.—The biretta is a square cap with three corners rising from the grown and having a tased hanging. It was worn as early as the ninth contary, when it had no corners, but rescendied an ordinary cap; but its pliability markey it difficult to place properly on the head, the shape was changed to the present one, the three corners being symbolical of the Blessed Trinity.

Paddy.—If you draw two parallel lines obliquely across the face of your cheru, that is called a general crossing, and the money can then be paid only to a hanker; or you may put a banker asame between the lines, and then the paymout will be used to him only; sometimes "and company" is inserted; that is also a general crossing.

Guerara creasing.

Guerara Branina.—When white point is used to obscure windows it is made rather thick and "dabbed" on with the end of a stiff hog-hair briat; for tempurary froating, either warm the glass elightly, lay it dat, and apply a esturated solution of Hypons saits—that is, saits dissolved until some remains unmelted in the water; or another, mix a strong hot solution of suphate of magnesia and a clear solution of gura arabic; apply

Bon.—The granter of an unstamped receipt for £2 or more is liable in a penalty, and will be such if it is abown that he withheld the stamp deliberately in order to defraud the revenue; the receiver suffers a panelty in getting a receipt which is of no legal value; it cannot be accepted in proof of payment, therefore he may be held liable in a second payment,

THEAST ONE.—Load drinks are just light mixtures, sometimes mixed with spirits, wine, rum, be, and cometimes not set in ice for a time. There is one "sharber" it is called. Pare the thin yellow part of three lemons, six owners of sugar, one quart of water. Put lemon rind, juice and sugar together, put a little water on them, and stand a quarter of an hour; then your in the rest of the water and put it on ice; then six up and pour out. The recipes for iced drinks are immunerable, from iced tea to iced punch.

imnumerable, from food to a to feed punch.

Swarr Mark.—The colour of jade varies from almost white to a dark group, but the lighter shades of green, are the most highly prised. It is bunted for in the fisures of the precipites and in the streams of Chinesters, A good deal of it is found in the rivers thereby divers. These men werk by meanlight, under an escent of soldiers, supervised by Government officers appointed for the purpose, and by whom each piece, as found, is assayed and witned. The importal jade is of abilitiant green, approaching the enteral disclosur.

Hostone An oven peach vis extract with whitment.

brilliant green, approaching the emerald in colour.

Hosran —An open peach pie served with whitpent cream may be a novelty to many homekeepers. It is certainly one of the most delightful of all pies. It is made with the addition of a little apple grammaled, so excellent as a foundation to pies of peach, plum or pinapple. Holl out a thin layer of good piecuat (out not puff pasts). An excellent crust is made of a cup-of half butter and half sweet land mixed roughly through two-cups of pastry four and made into a paste with two-thirds of a cup of ice-water. Line a rather deep tin pin-plate; those time usually sold for layer cake are excellent for this purpose.

E. S. Briges the rhysbach with a radial to the of the colour.

for this purpose.

F. S.—Bruise the rhaberb with a mallet; when it is reduced to pulp add for every five pounds of it a gallon of cold water, and let it stand for three days, stirring it three or four times or day. On the fourth skey pass it through a hair sinve; than add to every gallon of the liquor stree pounds load sugar. When this is dissolved by stirring add a rind of a femon. After standing for a few days fermentation substing, the crust should be skimmed off, and the liquor run late a cask, adding half same of isingless for every gallon. It is formenta after wards it must be packed off into another cask, adding some sugar if necessary, and after a fortnight corked up tight. Bottle it in the following spring, and you may use thin the summer. Should a brilliant colour be desired add some currant jude.

Por Povanu.—Into a large bow put a half prek of

desired add some current juice.

For Fourni.—Into a large bow put a half peck of rese lawes, sprinking them lightly with sait. Turn daily. After five days the leaves will be dry. Then add three curses of coarsard ground alispice, one omice of stick cinquamen twoiren into small pieces. After the to stand one week, turning frequently. Then plate in a permanent jar, and sidd-one ounce of allegice, half a pound of freshly dried lavender blessoms, one cource of cloves, one cource of cross-could old of rase grantum, two curses of orris root, alleed; half an ounce of cesential old of rase grantum, two curses of crossing and the standard course of cesential old of rase grantum, to the course of cesential old of rase grantum, two currents.

Mancon.—The year need to be reckoned to contains.

bergamot. And from time to time, as convenient, everwater, colognes, or oxtracts.

Mancun.—The year used to be reactioned to contains 856 days 6 hours; but strictly speaking, the year only contained 395 days 43 minutes 43 seconds. In 1752 there were il days over, and by Asi of Parliament the 2nd was called the 18th, and the reckening and the true motion made to agree. The new style is called the Gregorian style, because it was introduced by Popediregory, who, at Roma, introduced it as early as the Gregorian style, because it was introduced by Popediregory, who, at Roma, introduced it as early as the Gregorian style, and tend days were dropped. The Romans added the day of leap-year on the sixth of the calcudes of March, making two-aixths, or bis exciss, and hence the expression, Biscortille year, or leap-year, a leap-year, a lasp-year, a lasp-year, a the year that divides evenly by four. In England, until 1752, we began the year at the vernal equinox, and to make dates agree with those of othernations, between January and Lady-day, our writers used to put two dates—thus February 7, 1798-1709, the latter date being that from January the Let, and the former that from the previous Lady-day. The Busalaus still adhere to the old style.

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